

# PUNCH STORIES

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## THE BOARD OF TRADE

OF THE YOUNG BRANSPER



The Board of Trade Boys lost no time in following their example. Assisting the girls over the low railing, they passed through the little door, and found themselves under the stage. It was entirely dark, but a few steps led them into the greenroom.







# PLUCK AND LUCK

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## The Board of Trade Boys

### OR, THE YOUNG GRAIN SPECULATORS OF CHICAGO

By A RETIRED BROKER

#### CHAPTER I.—Mr. Snyder Walks Out and Will Young Walks In.

One cold stormy night in the month of March, not many years ago, an elderly gentleman, closely wrapped in a heavy fur-lined overcoat, descended from a handsome private carriage in front of the Fort Wayne Depot, in the city of Chicago. He was assisted out of the vehicle by a stalwart young fellow of eighteen or nineteen, who displayed toward him a tender solicitude, which attracted the attention even of the rough hack drivers who stood around. They were evidently father and son, and persons of wealth and station. Leaning upon the strong arm of his companion, the gentleman descended the stone steps leading down into the depot, coughing dismally. He seemed very feeble, and yet there was a look of determination in his eyes, which showed him to be a man accustomed to have his slightest wish recognized, to be implicitly obeyed. As they entered the station, more than one bowed deferentially to the invalid, who was well known in Chicago business circles, being none other than Mr. Edward Young, senior partner of the once prosperous grain house of Young & Snyder, who for years were among the heaviest operators on the Board of Trade.

"Let us sit down here, Will," said Mr. Young, dropping into one of the seats near the newsstand. "I have a few last words to say to you, and I might as well say them now."

Tears sprang to the boy's eyes.

"Why need they be last words, father," he replied. "Why not grant me my wish, and let me go to California with you? Since mother died, you and I have been all and all to each other, as we should be, since I am your only child. Why should we separate? Think better of it, father, and let me buy my ticket and go along."

Mr. Young was visibly moved, but his reply showed that he had no intention of granting the boy's request.

"It can't be, Will; there's no use talking about it. The late squeeze in corn has broken me all up; my fortune is about gone, my health is ruined, the only hope I have is that California air will make me something like my old self, and that in a short time I shall be able to come back to Chicago and take hold of the business again."

"Which it will do, father—I'm sure it will!"

"Let us hope so; but if it is to be so everything depends upon my mind being kept quiet,

and as free from anxiety as possible. That's your work, Will. You know I don't trust Snyder; he's shrewd and tricky, and just now he feels thoroughly discouraged at the outlook. What you must do is to go right in and take my place. You've been a year in the office now, and you know the ropes well enough to watch Snyder's operations on the Board, and render me daily reports."

"I'll do my best, father. It is not that I feel afraid to undertake it, but I do hate to have you go alone."

"That's all right, boy; don't you worry. I shall make friends on the train, and your Uncle Charles will meet me at Oakland Wharf, and take me right home to his house in San Francisco, where, of course, I shall receive every care. But this is not what I wanted to speak of. There is one thing which I have not confided to you, Will—it is a matter of vast importance, and may mean a fortune for me, and for you after me. This secret I am now about to give into your care. You will find the papers relating to it hidden in——"

Suddenly Mr. Young paused, drew in his breath, and clapped his hand to his heart.

"Will—Will!" he gasped. "Help! I'm dying!"

They were his last words. Mr. Young pitched forward and would have fallen off the seat if Will had not caught him.

"Father! Father!" cried the boy in agony. "Help here! Help! He's dying! Oh, is there no one to lend me a helping hand?"

No one! Twenty persons at least rushed to the poor boy's aid. But if a hundred had come—a thousand—yes, ten thousand, it would have been all the same. Mr. Young was dead before a hand could touch him. He had died in his son's arms with the secret unrevealed, and poor Will was left to fight the battle of life alone.

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The morning after his father's funeral Will Young, with a broad, black band on his hat, walked into the handsomely appointed offices of Young & Snyder on Le Salle street, between Adams and Monroe, feeling pretty blue. It was yet early and Mr. Snyder had not gone on the Board of Trade, but was seated at his desk busy with the morning mail.

"Ah, good-morning, Will," he said, looking up hurriedly. "How are you feeling this morning?"

"Well enough," was the reply. "As well as I can under the circumstances."



"I suppose you do feel rather cut up. Well, death strikes everybody sooner or later. It may be my turn to-day and yours to-morrow! Who knows?"

"Anything particular in the mail this morning?" asked Will, anxious to get down to business.

"A few orders, nothing of any consequence. Look here, Will, we may as well come to an understanding at once, and as we are alone here, now's a good time. What's to be done with your father's seat on the Board of Trade?"

"Mr. Root thinks it better be sold, sir."

"Mr. Root is a very impertinent lawyer, and anything but a gentleman. The idea of his asking me for an accounting immediately after your father's will was read last night! Does he think these things are done by electricity?"

"Perhaps it was a little hasty, sir, but the terms of the will so ordered."

"That's all right. I'll give the accounting to-day; I only want to be treated with common courtesy. I see nothing for it but liquidation. You and I can't pull together, Will; that's certain, so we'd best pull apart as soon as possible."

"Probably that was Mr. Root's idea," said Will quietly. "I am ready any time, Mr. Snyder."

"Very good. You meet me at the Palmer House at noon, and I'll be ready for you. We can be quiet there, and I'll explain the whole business and arrange for an immediate settlement. Meanwhile I must go to the barber's and get cleaned up in time for the opening of the Board."

Thus saying, Mr. Snyder took up a small grip which had been standing by his desk, and walked out whistling a popular air.

"What in the world has he got his grip with him for at this hour of the day?" thought Will, as he proceeded to examine the mail.

He was destined to find out before the day was over—and that to his fullest satisfaction. Will waited at the Palmer House exactly one hour for Mr. Snyder, but he did not come. Then he went back to the office and learned that his father's partner, who walked out so gayly, had not walked in again. Will suspected nothing then, but when night came, and with it no Snyder, he began to feel very uneasy. Next morning the cat came out of the bag. No Snyder at nine o'clock; not at ten, nor at eleven. Filled with anxiety, Will went over to Stewart & Hunneker's, old friends of the firm, and inquired if Mr. Snyder had been seen.

"Why, no," said Mr. Stewart, "I haven't seen him to-day, and I don't expect to. Of course, you know he sold his seat on the Board of Trade yesterday?"

"It can't be so!" he gasped.

"Oh, but it is so," said Mr. Stewart. "I happen to be the secretary of the Board, and I signed the transfer of his certificate to a party named Brown."

Will left the office with his brain all in a whirl. He had not yet reached the elevator when Mr. Stewart was after him.

"Do you suspect anything wrong, my boy?" he kindly asked.

"I don't know what to think, sir," replied Will. "I haven't seen Mr. Snyder since yesterday morn-

ing; he had an appointment with me which he did not keep, and——"

"Let me advise you to inquire about the state of your bank account at once," said Mr. Stewart, gravely. "Remember, Will, if you get into any trouble you'll come to me."

Will was at the bank ten minutes later.

"Why, your father's firm has no account here," said Mr. Meacham, the paying teller. "Mr. Snyder drew out the last dollar yesterday morning. The amount? Well, I don't mind telling you, although it is unusual, twenty-one thousand four hundred and eighty-six and a few odd cents."

It was all plain now. Mr. Snyder had walked out, and it was pretty evident that he did not intend to walk in again. In short, having possessed himself of every available dollar of the firm's assets, he had run away, leaving Will nothing to begin his life battle with but his active brain and his own two hands. Stay, though! We are not quite justified in speaking thus. There was still the stately mansion on Michigan avenue, mortgaged, it is true, but by no means for all it was worth. Besides this, there was Mr. Young's seat on the Board of Trade, a pretty valuable piece of property, for one who could use it, but the trouble was Will had not yet come of age. But better than all, Mr. Young had left his son a good name, a clean record, and no debts. Not so bad an inheritance after all, some boys may think as they read this. Will thought so, too, when he came to consider it.

"Sell out your seat and the house, and go out to your uncle in California," was Mr. Root's advice when it became certain that Mr. Snyder had seized everything he could lay his hands on and decamped.

"You can sell the house to-morrow," said Will, quietly, "but I'll keep the seat."

"But what can you do with it?"

"Use it."

"Impossible. You'd have to wait two years."

"I'm not so sure; but if so I'll wait. The seat was my father's, and I won't sell it at any price. But I should be only too glad to get rid of the house."

"Well, you must go your own way," replied the lawyer. "But as to the house, I think I can accommodate you right now. I have a client who has had his eye on the property for some time. He'll give you forty thousand for the property, money to be paid over as soon as your father's will is proved and the transfers can be made."

"Let me see, the mortgage is twenty-five thousand, I think," said Will.

"It is."

"That will leave me fifteen thousand clear."

"Except for legal expenses."

"Which can't be heavy, seeing that there are no debts."

"You ought to put detectives after Snyder; he's carried off over ten thousand of your funds."

"And you'd have me spend ten thousand more in trying to find him. I shan't do it—let him go!"

"Suit yourself. It is a bargain about the house?"

"It is, and I'll knock off one thousand if I can have the money advanced to me now."



"But where is the hurry? What are you going to do with it?"

"What am I going to do with it?" cried Will, opening his big blue eyes to their widest extent. "Why, I am going to carry on my father's business, to be sure. I'm going to operate on the Board of Trade."

Everybody told Will that it was impossible. Mr. Root argued with him; Mr. Rockingham—known as "Rockingham, the Plunger"—an old friend of his father's—had assured him that it was quite impossible, and others said the same thing. But they did not know Will. This opposition only made him the more determined. His mind had been made up to sell the house before Mr. Root spoke of it, and his success in that direction set the boy up tremendously.

"I'll try it on this very morning," thought Will, as he left the lawyer's office and hurried down La Salle street. "If you don't see what you want ask for it, and I'm going to ask for a special ruling of the Governing Committee of the Board of Trade to let me use my father's seat."

Now, there is nothing like taking the bull by the horns. Having arrived at this determination, Will lost no time in carrying it out. He kept right on going down La Salle street, and never stopped until he was at the Board of Trade. Mr. Stewart, who came off the floor in answer to Will's card, gave the boy a most peculiar look when he had made his bold request.

"Why, it's altogether unusual, Will," he replied, "and yet—strange that you should have picked out this morning, of all others, to come here. Tell me, have you any relatives named Wilson, hailing from New York?"

"No, sir."

"The late James Grant Wilson was no relative of yours?"

"No; none at all."

"You know who I mean."

"Certainly; he was often in our office. Father knew him well."

"Your father was a good man, and universally respected on the Board. Really, it is very strange that you should happen to come to-day."

"You haven't told me why yet, Mr. Stewart," laughed Will.

"Haven't I? Well, really, I don't think I have. The fact is, Will, that the Governing Committee are at this present moment in session acting on a similar application to yours—that of a nephew of Mr. Wilson, who inherits his seat; he's only twenty, but as bright as a dollar, and if he passes I don't see why you shouldn't. Just stay where you are, and I'll go in and present your case right away now."

Will sat down and waited with wildly-beating heart. But he was not allowed to sit long. Brokers and operators were running in and out the big doors, and almost everybody knew the boy, and heartily sympathized with him in his troubles. It was: "How are you, Will?" "How are you flourishing?" "Blame shame about Snyder—he was a snide anyhow, and your loss is our gain."

"And so it went. It was almost like a reception. Will had to shake hands till his arm was sore, which was a great compliment surely, for of all people in the world Chicago Board of Trade men think they have the least time to waste.

"They all seem to be friendly, anyhow," thought Will, deeply moved.

Just then the big doors opened, and out walked Mr. Stewart; with him was Rockingham, the Plunger, and old Muller, of Muller & Strong, long John Watkins, Sam Dath, the forty-millionaire, and half a dozen other big guns on the Board.

"What are you sitting there for, Will Young?" cried Rockingham. "Why don't come on the floor?"

Will turned pale.

"I—I was waiting for Mr. Stewart," he stammered. "I didn't know—"

"But we know!" cried Rockingham. "Here's our new member, gentlemen. Will, don't look so solemn—you're elected. We have come to escort you in!"

Then they formed a double line, Will being placed in front between Mr. Stewart and Mr. Rockingham. Suddenly all hands began to whistle the Rogues' March, and in solemn procession Will was escorted onto the floor of the Chicago Board of Trade. All business ceased the moment they entered. The brokers howled and threw up their hats.

"Three cheers for our youngest member!" they shouted.

Then the noise in the big hall became deafening, for they cheered and cheered and cheered again as Will was marched around the room.

## CHAPTER II.—The Shabby Men In Black.

Will Young's hearty reception on the Board of Trade was phenomenal. There was nothing like it on record. Will found out afterward that his age was omitted on the books of the Board. He laughed to think how easily they got over the obstacle which seemed to him such a mighty mountain, but what moved him the most was to think that love and respect for his father was at the bottom of it all. For a week Will just came and went on the Board without attempting to do any business. During that time Mr. Root, who was amazed at the plucky boy's success, completed the business of the sale of the house. The purchaser, who was a wealthy pork packer, took Mr. Root's personal obligation that no obstacle to the transfer would be interposed, and paid down the entire purchase money without discount. This gave Will a very respectable working capital. Many a man on the Chicago Board of Trade had begun life with half—yes, a quarter of what Will Young had in bank. One of Will's first moves was to take down the old sign of Young & Snyder, and in its place Edward Young's Son & Co. went up. Will's friends laughed at the "Co.," and wanted to know who he was. But Will only smiled, and said nothing. It was the boy's own idea, and a very shrewd one.

"If I ever do take a partner, we won't have to change the style of the firm," he reflected.

But about the last thing he had in his mind was a partner just then. One morning, about ten days after Will's initiation, as our Board of Trade Boy was hurrying along La Salle street with all the rush of a Chicago business man,



someone caught him by the arm and swung him around.

"Hello, Wilson," exclaimed the young man, who was an entire stranger to Will, "you may as well execute that order for me. Buy five thousand of wheat if she rises two points. I know it's your first day on the Board, but I guess you can manage it; but what in thunder ails you, man? You look as though you'd never seen me before."

"No more have I," said Will. "You're a total stranger to me. Is this a steer?"

The man turned fiery red.

"Beg pardon," he stammered, "but you look so much like my friend——"

"Oh, yes, I know. All right," laughed Will, and he broke away and went on to the Board, with the full belief that he had run up against a bunco man, when to his astonishment, who should come up to him but old Muller, who caught him by the hand.

"Vell, so you come at last," said the old speculator. "Upon my vord you lok shust so much like dot oder poy, Young, dot I almost tought you vos him."

"Why, Mr. Muller, who do you take me for?" cried Will. "I am that boy Young, or I was yesterday, for if this keeps on I shall begin to think——"

"Take you fer dis feller!" broke in Mullen, suddenly seizing the arm of a young man who had just come on the floor. "Look at you, each de oder. Ach himmel! you are de two dromios all de same."

Then a roar of laughter went up from all the brokers near. Will stared at the young man, and the young man stared at him, as well they might, for the resemblance between them was really wonderful.

"Are you Mr. Wilson?" asked Will, speaking first.

"That's my name," replied the young man, and I think you must be Mr. Will Young, for I was taken for you on Clark street last night."

"And I was taken for you on La Salle street this morning. In fact, the fellow wanted to give me an order—I must turn it over to you."

"Oh, that was Arthur Levine, probably, an old friend of mine, and about the only person I know in Chicago. I'm just from New York; the fact is, I'm the other boy broker. I've already heard of you. You see, I was here for a few days, when I was voted on by the Board."

"And I've heard of you," replied Will, "and I've been wondering when I should see you; it is really very strange how much we seem to resemble each other. I can't imagine that we can be any relation to each other."

"No, but that needn't hinder us from being friends," said Wilson, and they shook hands warmly.

Just then an excitement began in the wheat pit. The two boys, dropping the conversation for the moment, joined the crowd and listened to the brokers while they howled and yelled like maniacs, pushing and crowding each other, and going through all their usual noisy demonstrations.

"Do you understnd it at all?" asked Wilson, after they had watched them for a few moments.

"Why, certainly!" replied Will. "They are selling wheat at sixty days' delivery. It's up

one point already, and seems likely to go higher. I advise you to buy for your friend if it jumps another."

"Why, I never could in the world. I don't know anything about this business. My uncle left me the seat, and the Board were good enough to permit me to occupy it; but I'm just out of college, and don't know any more about business than a cat."

"I can buy for you, if you wish," said Will, and he told Wilson what his friend had said.

"Well, perhaps you'd better," was the reply. "I was with Levine last night, and he said perhaps he'd give me an order; if you think it is a good idea, buy for me, too. I'll go a thousand dollars' margin. You'll know what to do with it—I don't."

It was Will's first venture, and to tell the truth he was rather nervous, but he jumped boldly in among the brokers, and soon his voice was heard shouting with the rest. As the moments passed, the excitement increased. The corn pit was deserted; so were all the others—everybody seemed to have gone mad on wheat. Wilson lost sight of Will completely, but as he stood watching the surging mass of humanity he suddenly saw his double disengage himself from the crowd. Will's wardrobe was in sad condition. His hat was all crushed in, his collar was hanging by one button, and there was a big rip in the back of his coat.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Wilson, "you look as though you'd been through a football match! What in the world——"

"Don't say a word!" whispered Will, hurriedly, as he began to repair damages. "Wheat is up nine points, and is still rising. I've bought for your friend and for you, and now I'm going in for myself. Shall I sell you out? Your money is double as it stands."

"What do you say?"

"Won't advise. I'm going in—that's all?"

"Shall you hold on?"

"I shall close out before I leave the pit."

"Sell me out when you sell for yourself."

"And your friend?"

"He gave you no order to sell?"

"No; only to buy; but mind you, the order is yours, not mine."

"Hold his, then."

"All right!"

And away went Will and jumped into the thick of it again. Ten minutes later the excitement was all over, and Will was at Wilson's side again.

"Well?" asked Wilson.

"She's steady now, and looks as though it might mean a drop. I've closed you out."

"How much have I lost?" laughed Wilson.

"Lost!" cried Will. "Why, you have made something over three thousand dollars, and I've cleared four, which I'm very proud of, for it is the first money I ever earned."

"I shall be most happy," replied Wilson. "I'm very glad I met you; I'm sure we shall be fast friends."

"It will be no fault of mine if we ain't," replied Will, and he turned away to speak to Mr. Stewart a moment.

While he was talking he suddenly heard a sweet voice exclaim:



"Why, Will! Where have you kept yourself. Why haven't you been to see us this ever so long?"

A loud laugh followed. Will turned to see Plunger Rockingham, with his pretty daughter, Nina, on one arm, and her cousin, Carrie Bates, on the other. Nina was shaking hands with Wilson, whose face was as red as a beet.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Rockingham. "This ain't Will, Nina. To think you should make such a mistake when you have known Will Young all your life. Mr. Wilson, let me introduce my daughter. Miss Bates—Mr. Wilson. Just brought the girls on the floor for a moment to let 'em see how we do things here. I know it's against the rules, but— Ah, here's Will now! Thunder and Mars, but you two do look alike!"

"So much alike that I must certainly claim Mr. Wilson for a friend, and invite him to be one of our theater party to-night. Will, I want you, and I expect you to take me. You can't make a hermit of yourself if I can help it, so there!"

There were other pleasant things said, and then the Plunger hurried his ladies on, leaving Will and Wilson to themselves.

"Upon my word, this is very embarrassing," said the latter. "Mr. Young, you and I will have to wear badges, No. 1 and No. 2, or do something of the sort if this thing keeps up."

"I think the best thing we can do now is to go to dinner and talk it over," said Will. "If we get to comparing notes I shouldn't wonder if we found that we were twin brothers."

That dinner was the beginning of a long friendship. Although the two Board of Trade Boys were unable to discover that they were in any way related, before the meal was finished they had grown very chummy, and it was "Will" and "Jim" from that time on, for business is done with a rush in Chicago, and friendship ripens in the same way. During the afternoon wheat took another jump, and Will went in again for himself and friend. At the close there was a heavy drop, and Will had to hustle to get out with a whole skin. By Jim's request he sold out Arthur Levine at the same time. The order showed a handsome margin and it did seem a pity to hold on, although if strict business rules had been observed, such should have been Jim's course.

"Now, then, we'll settle up," said Will, when they reached the office, for they left the Board together. "Pretty good for a beginning, I should say; here's forty-five hundred and sixty-two for you, and a trifle over five thousand for me. By gracious, I'd like to do it every day."

"I'd like it so well that I've a serious notion to ask you to take me into partnership," said Jim, as he pocketed his check. "I can put in capital, and while I don't know what I'd amount to in the rush at the pit, I think I'd make a good office man."

"We'll think about it," replied Will. "I don't just know about partnership, and I'll explain later, but I'll rent you desk room here, and we can each operate on our own hook."

"I'll take it," said Jim instantly. "Consider that settled. I'm stopping at the Auditorium, and I want you to dine with me to-night."

"Can't to-night. You forget we've got to go out with the girls."

"Oh, pshaw! I can't go. The invitation wasn't serious, as far as I was concerned."

"Oh, but it was, though. Nina Rockingham is a girl who always says just what she means. You must certainly go."

There was some further objection, but at last Jim allowed himself to be persuaded, and the boys started for the street. They had talked longer than they intended, and it was now quite dark. When they got to the head of the stairs—the building was an old one, and had no elevator—Will remembered that he had left his gloves on the top of the desk.

"You go on down," he said. "I won't be a minute—I'll meet you at the door."

Jim ran on downstairs, feeling happier than he had done since he left New York, for Chicago was all strange to him, and the boy had been suffering from a decided fit of homesickness when he met Will. He had just reached the lower hall when a shabby man, in a black suit, suddenly leaped out from behind the door and without a word dealt him a fearful blow on the back of the head. Poor Jim gave one groan and dropped to the floor like a dog.

### CHAPTER III.—What Happened at the Theater.

When Will came rattling downstairs he was horrified to see Jim on his hands and knees struggling to rise.

"What in the world has happened to you?" he exclaimed. "Did you fall downstairs?"

But Jim was so dazed and shaken that he could scarcely speak. Will got him on his feet and braced him against the door. Not until then was he able to explain the true state of the case.

"Great Scott! I suppose he's gone through you!" exclaimed Will. "Don't you fret! I'll stop payment on the check; your watch is all right, though. You must look out for yourself. This sort of thing is going on in Chicago all the time."

"Why, the pocketbook is here, too," stammered Jim, whose vest was hanging open. "The scoundrel seems to have gone through me, but as far as I can make out he hasn't taken anything."

"What did he look like?"

"Oh, he was tall and thin, and wore black clothes; I'm sure I should know his ugly face again."

"There's about as much chance of you seeing him again as there is of the moon falling. But how do you feel? Shall I get a hack?"

"Not at all. My head is a little sore, but it don't amount to anything. I'm quite ashamed of myself for going down as easily as I did."

"You get a Chicago slugger behind you and you'll go down every time" replied Will. "But I can't see why he didn't take your valuables—that's what puzzles me."

In spite of Jim's assurance that he was all right, Will insisted upon seeing him to the Auditorium, promising to call at seven o'clock with a carriage to take him to Mr. Rockingham's house, which he did. It was really wonderful to see how close the resemblance between the boys was when they appeared in full dress. As they



walked through the hotel lobby every one stared, and not a few remarks were passed.

"I'd like to see the man who would dare to give us the lie if we were to call ourselves twins," laughed Will, once they were in the carriage. "Yet it is impossible that we can be related to one another in any way."

"I don't see how we can be," replied Jim. "But look here—we'll have some fun with this thing before we get through."

"Shouldn't wonder. How are you feeling now that you've had your supper?"

"First rate—only my head aches a little, which was to be expected, I suppose?"

It ached worse after they got into the theater; in fact, Jim began to seriously regret that he had yielded to Will's urging. Will had pretty Nina Rockingham with him, and Jim had escorted Carrie Bates, and there were about twenty other young couples in the party. It was the Columbia Theater, and the play was a thrilling society drama, but poor Jim began to look so white that Nina's cousin, who was a very considerate girl, became decidedly alarmed.

"Really, Mr. Wilson, you look very sick," she whispered. "Are you feeling so, or is it only my imagination?"

"It's my head," replied Jim. "I met with an accident this evening, and it has made me quite dizzy."

"Hadn't you better retire? I can go home with Will and Nina."

"No, no! I think I shall be better presently. I'll stick it out."

"You'd better go, Jim," said Will, leaning over.

"Look! Look!" whispered Jim, eagerly. He seemed so excited that for the moment Will thought he had lost his head.

"Where? What?" he asked.

"There at the second box! There's the man who hit me!"

"That man? Why, that's Dillmeyer, the big grain speculator, a member of the Board."

"I mean the man standing up—the shabby man in black. See—he's pointing this way."

It certainly was a fact that a tall, thin man, dressed in a shabby black suit, was on the box with Mr. Dillmeyer. As Jim spoke he pointed directly at the boys, and then seeming to see that he was observed, hastily drew back and disappeared.

"Are you sure?" whispered Will.

"What is it?" laughed Nina. "Have you two been in a fight?"

Before Will could answer Nina's joking question—for it was meant for nothing else—the attention of the entire audience was suddenly attracted to the shabby man in black.

"Fire, fire!" he shouted, leaning forward in the box, and pointing in an excited manner up to the flies.

And sure enough there was fire. A tongue of flame was seen shooting down among the flies. The light material instantly ignited; all in a moment the flies were ablaze. The actors, with hurried glances upward, hastily left the stage, and the curtain dropped. But whether the fire was dangerous or no, the mischief was done.

A panic of the most fearful description followed. It was the worst thing of the kind ever known in the history of Chicago, and many were

seriously injured, several losing their lives. Men shouted, women screamed; the rush for the door was something terrible to witness. Will and Jim, who with their ladies occupied orchestra chairs, saw at once that to attempt to push through the crowd might mean death.

"Don't go that way!" cried Jim, holding Carrie Bates' arm tightly; "our safest road is through the orchestra under the stage."

"I agree with you," said Will. "Nina, you are as cool as ice. I am proud of you. You haven't screamed once."

"What's the use!" replied the girl lightly. "We are going to get out of this. Don't you faint, Carrie! If you do I'll never speak to you again."

Indeed, Carrie Bates stood in need of the caution, for it was all Jim could do to hold her up. Meanwhile the boxes had been deserted, and Mr. Dillmeyer and the shabby man in black had vanished. By this time others had made a rush for the orchestra, feeling that, although it led them toward the fire, it was better to take it than to risk broken arms and legs, or, still worse, being crushed to death. The Board of Trade Boys lost no time in following their example. Assisting the girls over the low railing, they passed through the little door, and found themselves under the stage.

It was entirely dark, but a few steps led them into the green room, where quite a number of people were gathered.

"It's all out. There really ain't a particle of danger!" shouted an excited individual, who was running around in his shirt-sleeves. "This way, ladies and gentlemen! This way to the street!"

"Dear me, I've left my fur cloak in the seat!" cried Nina suddenly. "If there's no danger, do run back and get it, Will."

"Certainly," replied Will. "You all stay where you are. I won't be a minute."

He hurried back under the orchestra, got the cloak, and was just returning through the dark passage, when a tall figure suddenly sprang upon him, seizing him by the throat. It was the shabby man in black. By the dim light ahead Will was just able to recognize him as he struggled to free himself, but being embarrassed by the cloak he could not do much. The man's fingers were like iron. He shook poor Will till his teeth fairly rattled.

"Let go of me!" cried Will, striking out at him. "Let go! What are you trying to do?"

But the shabby man in black paid not the least attention to his struggles. He kept right on shaking poor Will and never said a word.

#### CHAPTER IV.—Will Has a Dream Which Comes True.

It was a dangerous moment for Will Young—perhaps as dangerous a one as he had ever known. Free himself from the shabby man in black he could not; he felt his strength going; with the pressure of those terrible fingers on his throat he could not shout for the help which otherwise would have been quick to come. In vain he struggled with his silent antagonist. The shabby man in black just choked and shook him until the poor boy dropped at his feet half un-



conscious. Probably it was only for a moment; the next Will knew he was laying on the floor, all mixed up with the cloak, and gasping for breath. He pulled himself together and scrambled to his feet. The shabby man in black had vanished and Wilson came running up to know what the matter was.

"It's that man!" gasped Will. "Where is he? Oh, Jim, I'm about done up."

"You look it! Great heavens your vest has been torn open, and the coat is half off your back, too! Your pockets are inside out, and—there, there, take it easy till you get your wind, old man! Don't try to explain."

Will was panting fearfully, and Jim just held him till his breath came.

"It was that man in black—the one who tackled you," Will managed to get out at last.

"Keep cool! You don't seem to have been robbed any more than I was."

"No! Here's my watch all right and my money, too; yes, and here's my diamond pin in the scarf. It ain't money that scoundrel is after—that's one thing sure."

"And there's another thing sure," said Jim; "he don't know which of us he wants. He's got us all mixed up. Probably he mistook you for me."

"It's just as likely that he mistook you for me in the hall-way to-night. But come, we must get back to the girls. Don't let's say anything about it. Is the fire all out?"

"Long ago. It didn't amount to anything, anyhow. There, button up, and I'll brush you off. You look quite respectable."

"It's more than I feel, then. Jim, we must stick together to-night. I feel nervous over this. Come up to the house and sleep with me."

To this Jig agreed readily, and they then returned to Nina Rockingham and Carrie Bates, who were beginning to feel very much disturbed at their long absence.

"Where in the world have you been, Will?" demanded Nina. "You look pale. Has anything happened?"

"It was the smoke," said Will. "It almost got the best of me, but it's all right now, and here's your cloak, Nina. Let's go home."

They left the theater by the stage door. Will called a hack, for his own carriage of course was not at hand, and they drove to Mr. Rockingham's house. That night the young men slept together in Will's old room, which was soon to be given up forever. Of course, the adventures of the evening were discussed in all their bearings.

After that they went to sleep, and Will dreamed that the shabby man in black was in the room ransacking all the draws and closets, and that he was tied in bed and unable to move. So vivid was the dream that he sprang up with the cold perspiration standing out all over him. It was morning; the sun was shining in at the window, and everything remained undisturbed. Will told his dream to Wilson, who woke up as he was dressing, and they both laughed over it.

"Of course it's all nonsense," said Jim; "dreams always go by contraries; but what about breakfast? Excuse me for asking, but I always have a big appetite in the morning, and you told me last night that you were living all alone here, you know."

"So I am,, but that needn't hinder us from having a good breakfast at my restaurant."

"I was going to suggest that you come down to the hotel and breakfast with me."

"Probably I should get a better one. All right, it's a go, and if I like the breakfast I think I'll take my meals there right along. But come, I want to show you the house, it's only a few days more that I shall be here. It makes me feel sad, but it can't be helped and—Heavens! What do you say about dreams going by contraries now? Well, well! This is great!"

While speaking Will had thrown open the door of his father's room, which adjoined his own. The room was in the utmost confusion. The closet doors stood open, and their contents lay tumbled about on the floor. It was the same with the bureau drawers and Mr. Young's handsome desk. The latter had been pried open, and the lock torn from its fastenings. Every nook and cranny in the room had been ransacked, even the mattresses of the bed had been pulled off and lay on the floor.

"Burglars!" cried Jim.

"The shabby man in black," echoed Will, and he ran downstairs to find that a pane had been cut out of the parlor window and the fastening turned.

"It's my father's secret they are after," replied Will, "and something has got to be done about it; we'll have to think it over. Let's go downtown; we'll talk about it as we go."

When they closed the front door Will caught sight of a few papers scattered about the floor of the balcony, and he stepped over the low rail and picked them up.

"That's the work of your burglar," said Jim.

"Evidently. They are old letters of my father's. He must have taken them and then thrown them away again—I wonder why?"

"What do they relate to?"

"They seem to be about some patent grain-hoisting machine, but they are dated a dozen years ago—hello! What's this?"

Among the papers was one in a different handwriting. It looked fresh, and seemed to be a leaf torn out of a memorandum book. One side was closely written over in some foreign language, but on the other was a diagram showing the interior arrangement of the house with Mr. Young's room marked with a cross.

"By Jove, this is what the fellow had to go by!" exclaimed Will. "Now, who gave him this paper? Some one who has been in the habit of visiting father, of course. If I could only read this gibberish on the other side!"

"Let me see," said Jim, taking the paper. "Why, it's German."

"Can you read it?"

"Certainly—as well as I can English," and Jim proceeded to translate.

Will's eyes opened wide as he listened. The memorandum was a rough outline of a plan to boom July oats on the Board of Trade that very day. No need to give the details of the scheme here. It was a shrewd little trick, and Will, with his knowledge of Board Trade methods, saw that it was entirely feasible, and would mean many thousand dollars for the holders of the oats if the plan worked.



"Do you understand it?" asked Jim.

"Understand it! You bet!" cried Will. "Is there any name there?"

"No."

"Look here, old man, whoever wrote that drew the plan and sent the burglar; can you doubt it?"

"Indeed, I can't."

"It's that scoundrel Dillmeyer, and I'll bet on it!"

"Don't jump at conclusions, Will!"

"He's Dutch—so's the writing! The shabby man in black was in the box with him last night."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Head him off on the Board if I can, but I'll ask Mr. Rockingham's advice first. If you and I could work this scheme ahead of him I think we'd make him squeal, and when he opens his mouth something may come out which will help to clear this mystery up."

"How much money will it take to work the scheme?"

Will made a few hurried figures as they walked together toward the cable car.

"Ten thousand dollars," he said at last.

"Put me down for five, and we'll go in."

"But it's a blind pool for you, Jim, and I can't very well explain it till you have acquired a greater knowledge of the way we do things on the Board of Trade."

"Don't try to explain. I'm too hungry to take a lesson now. Count me for five, Will. I'll go you half on your blind pool. We may make something out of that dream of yours."

Then the boys went to breakfast at the hotel.

## CHAPTER V.—Working the Blind Pool.

"Well, I should say that it was a sure go," remarked Plunger Rockingham, after a long silence. "That is, if our young friend here understands Dutch, which I don't."

"I'll stake my life on the correctness of the translation of that memorandum!" declared Wilson.

He and Will had convinced the Plunger as soon as he came on the floor, and explained the whole affair.

"Nina told me something of what happened at the theater, of course," added Mr. Rockingham. "All she knew, which don't seem to have been very much. There's a nigger in the fence somewhere, Will; as to the man in black, and the breaking into your house, it ought to be reported to the police. I wouldn't want to say that Dillmeyer is at the bottom of it, but it certainly looks suspicious. As for the rest, I can only say that this scheme will work, and I'm in it if you'll let me in."

"In, of course," said Will, promptly.

"Very good. You work the raffle and I'll keep out of sight. You can draw on me for all that's needed. Now, then, fly round and buy up every bushel of July oats before Dillmeyer gets here, which is never until noon."

"You think it's Dillmeyer then?" asked Will.

"I'm sure of it," was the reply; "but at the same time I'm going to prove it to you. Just you wait."

Then Mr. Rockingham called a messenger and sent him to his place with a hurriedly penciled note. In a few moments the boy was back again with a big envelope, out of which Mr. Rockingham took several old letters. They were written in bad English, but one glance was sufficient to show that the handwriting was very similar to that of the memorandum. As the letters were signed by Dillmeyer, there was only one conclusion to draw.

"I think this is sufficient proof," said Mr. Rockingham. "Mr. Dillmeyer is your enemy, Will. Say nothing and saw wood. Just go in and down him in this little deal, and you'll make him scratch gravel. Don't ring me into it, though, for I can do better work for you if I move in the dark."

They separated, for the opening call was close at hand. Mr. Rockingham was up to his eyes in business as usual, and as he was principally interested in wheat no one ever suspected him of being behind Will Young when he entered the pit and began to buy July oats. But Will was shrewd enough not to do all his own buying. He placed his orders around among a number of the smaller brokers. July oats were a drug in the market. Those who held them were only too glad to sell at the ruling price.

Before eleven o'clock Will and his allies had bought up the entire July delivery—probably the market had been oversold if they had only known it, and so carefully was it all worked that no one ever suspected what the boy was about. At quarter past eleven Mr. Rockingham called Will aside. Jim had gone off the floor at the time. He told Will that he had private business to attend to, and that he would be back shortly after twelve.

"Well, how does it go, Will?" asked the Plunger.

"You can see my book, sir. I think I've about cornered July oats, but you'll be the best judge."

"Meet me outside in the alley in ten minutes," whispered Rockingham. "It won't do for us to be seen talking here."

The Plunger was prompt as he always was. He ran over Will's figures in silence.

"You've got 'em," he said. "They can't get away from you! If anybody wants July oats they've got to come to you!"

Will smiled.

"We ought to see that Russian order on the ticker pretty soon," he remarked.

Mr. Rockingham looked at his watch.

"Dillmeyer will be down any time now," he replied. "The memorandum gave him an hour to do his buying in, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"About quarter to one you'll see the Russian order on the ticker."

Will laughed.

"There'll be a howl in Rome about then," he said.

"Hush! There he comes now," breathed Rockingham as the great Jew operator suddenly stepped out into the alley from the door of a well-known saloon.

"Goot morning, Meester Rockingham. Goot-morning, sir."

"Fine morning?"

"Yes; schust as fine as silk."



"Don't you know our new member, Mr. Young? You know his father pretty well."

The Jew grinned and extended a dirty hand to Will.

"Sure, I did," he replied. "I knowed your father, ten, twenty year ago. Ha! You look well! You must sleep vell nights, huh?"

"I don't know that I ever slept better than I did last night," Will answered. "I was very tired, but I always sleep well in my own bed."

"Schust de same like me," said Dillmeyer. "Oh, Meester Rockingham, I want to speak mit you a minute——"

Will took the hint and withdrew. The next he saw of Dillmeyer was on the floor, about ten minutes later. He watched him narrowly. It soon became apparent that something was wrong. Broker after broker came up to him and spoke in whispers, the Jew's face growing darker and darker after each communication. Suddenly Dillmeyer rushed into the pit and made a call for July oats. Nobody responded. There were no July oats for sale. The Jew kept it up for a while, and a few straggling lots were offered. The price was advanced, but it did no good. All this time Will stood quietly by with his hands in his pockets, taking in the fun. At last Dillmeyer left the pit and made a rush for Will.

"Vat's this?" he demanded, in a most offensive tone. "I hear you puy up all dose Schuly oats dis morning. I hat an order from a goot gustomer. Vat you dake for your holding? Don't you hear de gall? Vy you no come in the pit?"

"Because I've got no July oats to sell," replied Will, lightly.

"Name your price. I dake 'em at brivate sale."

"They ain't for sale."

"How mooch you got?"

Will consulted his book, and named the number of bushels. Dillmeyer turned pale, and stamped his foot in rage.

Quite a crowd had gathered around by this, hoping for a full-fledged quarrel, and anxious to see the fun. But, true to the traditions of his sort, the Jew immediately backed away. He was back in the pit in a moment with a crowd around him, offering a higher price for oats. A few more small lots were offered, but Will never opened his mouth. And so it went on. Dillmeyer grew wild. The announcement of the big Russian order which was to be placed next day might go on the ticker at any instant. Then, on the other hand, it might be so well under the control of the Jew as not to appear until he was ready to have it.

As he thought of this Will became very nervous. He had staked fully seventy thousand on the deal, and the prospective profit had already quadrupled. The wheat pit was deserted, so was the corn pit—everybody crowded around the Jew, and as the case was now pretty well understood, all eyes were on Will. Suddenly a messenger boy stepped up behind him and put a note in his hand. Will glanced at the paper. There was one word and one letter scrawled on it, but the paper bore Mr. Rockingham's printed heading: "Sell.—R." That was all. Again Dillmeyer made the call. Once more the price of July oats advanced, this time jumping three points.

"I'll take that," called Will, "if it is good for

the whole lot," and he named the number of bushels.

Dillmeyer snapped him up as quick as lightning, and wild shouts rang out as Will elbowed his way to the floor. Will walked over to the nearest ticker, and took up the tape. He had done a big thing, and yet he was half-vexed with himself for not having held out a little longer. As he stood watching the tape, only half seeing the figures upon it, the announcement of the Russian order came out. The amount named was enormous.

"I've made the mistake of a lifetime," groaned Will, as he turned away.

But his lesson was to come. Immediately a wild excitement began in the pit. Will jumped in and watched it. July oats jumped a few points—then they began to drop. It was evident that the whole excitement was being worked by Dillmeyer and his friends. But the cat was out of the bag. The big speculators scented fraud, and would not bite. Then the bears jumped in and began their work. Some said the Russian order was a hoax. The word passed from mouth to mouth, and the price of July oats was hammered down amid one of the wildest scenes ever known on the Board of Trade.

"You seem to be right in it, old man," whispered a voice in Will's ear. "How's the blind pool?"

It was Wilson, who had just come on the floor.

"You've doubled your money," whispered Will. "We sold out just in time."

"Good! What are they all shouting about? I can't make head nor tail of it."

Before Will could answer there came a rush their way. It was Dillmeyer, with his coat thrown back, and his hat half off his head.

"You are a scoundrel! You are a spy!" he roared, shaking his fist in the face of the astonished Wilson.

Then he struck poor Jim a wicked blow between the eyes, and would have repeated it had not Will struck out with fearful force. Dillmeyer got it under the chin and went sprawling on the floor.

"Hit that boy again if you dare!" shouted Will, standing over him. "You've waked up the wrong passenger, my good friend!"

## CHAPTER VI.—What Happened in Elevator G.

Perhaps there would have been further trouble if old man Muller and long John Watkins had not seized Will and pulled him away.

"Come, come! None of that, young man!" cried long John. "It ain't allowed."

"I don't care! He's no business to strike my friend!" flashed Will.

"The blow was meant for you, I fancy."

"He hit me first," whined the Jew. "I struck in self-defense. I apologize to dees young man. I mistook him for Meester Young."

Rap, rap, rap! went the gavel, and the announcement which every one expected came. Will and Dillmeyer were both suspended pending an investigation of the quarrel. There was no help for it. Will had to immediately retire from the



floor. Dillmeyer's friends picked him up and led him away.

"This is a bad job, Will," said Jim, when they found themselves in the ante-room. "I'd give a good deal if it hadn't happened. The blow the Jew struck me didn't do any harm."

"Didn't, eh?" flashed Will. "There's a lump on your forehead as big as a hen's egg. It makes no difference who it was intended for. If I had got it I might have acted differently, but he ain't going to hit you while I'm around."

"You're a true friend, Jim; but it don't pay to be so fiery. Still, I would have done as much for you."

"I'm sure of it. Never mind. We've got the big end of the stick, and Dillmeyer is loaded with July oats that he can't sell. Let's light out."

It was time, if they expected to escape the crowd now coming off the floor. Will was caught before he reached the door. To his surprise he received quite an ovation.

"Dillmeyer was a bully!" "He was a miserable sheeny," and entirely too fresh." "It was a good thing that he had been called down," and so on.

Everybody had something complimentary to say, but Mr. Rockingham was not among them. The Plunger had left the floor before the quarrel occurred. The boys got away from their would-be friends as soon as possible and went down to the Auditorium to dinner. At the table Will figured up the profits of the deal. Mr. Rockingham's share was something handsome. Their own, on the basis of a ten-thousand-dollar investment, amounted to a little less than ten thousand; their money was nearly doubled in fact.

"It's a wonderful streak of luck," said Will, "and we mustn't let it turn our heads. We'd better hurry up and get down to the office, for the settlements will have to be promptly made."

And making them kept Will busy till a late hour in the afternoon. After the close of the Board Mr. Rockingham looked in and congratulated Will most warmly.

"You got the best of the fellow in every way," he said. "As for this suspension business, don't let it worry you. At the worst it will amount to nothing more than a fine."

"You are satisfied, then?" asked Will.

"Satisfied, my boy?—Why, I'd be a hog if I wasn't. You'll make your mark on the Board yet, and don't you forget it. Both of you better come up with me to dinner to-night. Nina is expecting you."

"Not to-night," said Jim. "I can't go, and I want Will."

"To-morrow, then?"

"I'm willing—I shall be most happy."

"To-morrow it is," said the Plunger. "I'll attend to your case, Will. Leave it all in my hands."

And off the Plunger hurried, leaving our two Board of Trade Boys pretty well satisfied with themselves and the world.

"What's up, Jim?" Will asked, as soon as they were alone.

"Oh, it's a little private affair of mine," replied Jim. "The fact is, I've been buying a white elephant. Had to do it to close out some of the disputing heirs to my uncle's estate."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you know elevator G at twenty-second street?"

"Certainly; a ruinous old barn; hasn't been anything stored in it this long while. You don't mean to say you've bought that?"

"Had to, dear boy. Couldn't help it."

"Well, you've named it all right. It is a white elephant. Father told me a year ago that the floors were entirely unsafe."

"Well, then, we'll pull it down or alter it over. Anyhow, it's mine now, and I am curious to see what it looks like. What do you say to going out there with me this afternoon?"

"It's rather late, ain't it?"

"Oh no! We can get there before dark. I've got the key, and we can just have a look at the old ark."

Will raised no objection, and they boarded the cable car and rode out to the elevator.

"It is a big thing to own a Chicago elevator anyhow," laughed Jim, as he fitted the key into the door. "Phew, how it smells here!"

"The balmy breezes from the Chicago river, my dear fellow. You'll have to get used to them. But what's the matter with the key?"

"It won't work. Why, confound it all, the door is open! Come, I don't like this. I'll have to put a watchman here."

"It shouldn't be left without one, surely," replied Will, as they entered the office. "It won't do to set the neighborhood afire, even if you had just as soon burn yourself."

There was a lantern in the office, and Jim lighted it. Then they set out to explore the elevator, Will taking the lantern and going ahead, being familiar with the interior arrangement.

Will walked ahead rapidly, distancing his companion a few yards over the dusty floor.

"Hold on! I'm afraid of stumbling into some hole or other," protested Jim.

Will laughed, and turning held up the lantern. As he did so, Jim suddenly saw a dark form glide out from the shadows.

"Look out!" he shouted.

Too late! A hand went up behind Will and the lantern was dashed to the floor, extinguishing itself as it fell.

"Jim! Help!" shouted Will, and there was the noise of a struggle.

Suddenly a wild cry burst out. There was the sound of a heavy body falling. Down—down it seemed to drop into the depths of the elevator. A mocking laugh rang through the darkness. Then all was still.

## CHAPTER VII.—The Hand that Came Through the Door.

Wilson was a sensitive fellow—very much so. More than likely this fact saved his life. He was certain when he heard that despairing cry and the sound of the fall in the darkness that Will had gone headlong, down into the depths of the elevator, and he was too much overcome to speak or move. A sudden faintness seized him. He clutched at a post near which he was standing, missed it, and fell back.

"Confound it all, I didn't mean to kill the fellow," he heard some one say. "He's a-goner,



how a Board of Trade man should behave under disappointment.

"Ha, my young freund, how you was dis morn-ing?" cried Dillmeyer, extending his hand.

"First rate," replied Will, shaking hands with equal heartiness. "How are you feeling yourself?"

"Sshleepy. I didn't get von vink last night. Dot vas a sharp drick you blay me, poy. Ha, ha! Vell, I like you all de petter for it, but I will haf dot brakeman arrested for locking dose car doors already. You can pay him for dot—huh! Ha, ha, ha! Mebbe not, I don't think. But it was very sharp all de same."

Then he punched Will in the ribs, laughed again, and turned away to join others on the floor.

"He'll lay for you later, Will. Look out for him," said Plunger Rockingham, when Will told him what he had done.

"I'll keep my eye peeled," laughed Will. "I ain't afraid of him."

"Yes, but he's tricky, and what's worse, he's got no conscience. You have to fight such fellows with their own weapons if you expect to get the best of them. By the way, didn't your father hold stock in the Hoffmeister Hoisting concern?"

"Not that I know of."

"He used to—I'm sure of it."

"I've seen nothing of the sort; Mr. Root and I have carefully examined all the old gentleman's papers; I know every stock he ever held."

"You're mistaken. He certainly held a large block of that stock, and I don't think he sold it, for the very good reason that no one would have bought it. You'd better look into the matter Will, there's going to be a big boom in Hoffmeister. See the paper this morning?"

"Yes."

"Well, the account is not a bit exaggerated. Go up to the old house and have another look before it passes into other hands."

"I'll do it; look here, Mr. Rockingham. I've got an idea."

"What is it?"

"Could it be this stock that Dillmeyer is after?"

"Phew! That is an idea! Wouldn't wonder. It may account for the shabby man in black business, and—excuse me, Will. See you later," and the plunger turned away to speak to Mr. Heniker, who had just come on the floor.

But the thought opened up a long vista of possibilities in Will's mind. Was the mystery of the shabby man in black explained?

## CHAPTER IX.—Partners.

The wheat market opened with a decided upward tendency that morning. Evidently Mr. Dillmeyer did not care to figure in it, for he left the Board shortly after the call. Winter Red opened at the closing price, and a small lot was offered, which the broker, who had caused the excitement of the previous day, eagerly snapped up. Will remained quietly biding his time. That the broker had been told how the situation stood, Will was certain. Again and

again the broker tried to call him out. Winter Red advanced a point or two with no offerings; still Will held his tongue, although he was active enough in other directions, holding certain orders to buy for Mr. Rockingham on lines in which the Plunger did not care to be known. At last the broker could stand it no longer.

"Come, come, young man! Why don't you shout?" he sung out. "Everybody knows how you euchred Dillmeyer and the rest of them at Racine last night. How much will you take for your Winter Red?"

"I ain't in a hurry to sell," replied Will, carelessly. "I think it will go higher—I'm holding for a rise."

"It will go kerslump, for I shall drop the whole business if you try to squeeze me," retorted the broker. "Better name your price."

"Don't care to."

"Where's your wheat now?"

"Afloat."

"No good to me. I want it for to-day's delivery."

"You'd better hurry up and buy it then," replied Will, who, while this conversation was in progress, had been handed a dispatch by one of the messenger boys. It was from Jim and to the effect that the lake steamer had just arrived at the elevator.

"Make your offer," snapped the broker. "But I won't take it unless it can be delivered to-day."

"It can be delivered any time. It's at my elevator now. I've just had a dispatch."

"Your elevator!" sneered the broker. "Didn't know you owned an elevator."

"There's a lot of things you don't know. Come, better put your price ahead if you want to trade with me, for I'm going to send a dispatch to have the wheat stored. If you want it for to-day's delivery you'd better take it as it stands."

"What steamer is it in?"

"The John J. Bruce, of Milwaukee."

"Good boat! I suppose she'd run around to Buffalo."

"No doubt."

"Well, name your price."

"Won't do it. No private sale business."

"And quite right!" cried Mr. Rockingham, and then he made a bid.

Winter Red began to jump. Others took hold. The broker, who really had to have the wheat, got at last nine points in advance of the previous day's quotation, and Will left the Board several thousand dollars better off for his little venture at Racine, with an equal amount to be passed to Jim's credit when settlements came to be made.

"Much obliged for that lift you gave me," he said to Mr. Rockingham when they met in the alley after lunch.

"That's all right, my boy. I saw the wheels were clogged, so I thought I'd just give your little deal a shove."

"You did it beautifully."

"Always happy to oblige. Do as much for me some time. By the way, I suppose you are coming up to the house to-night?"

"Certainly," replied Will. "I should expect to forfeit Nina's good opinion forever if I didn't. Wilson and I will both be on hand."



"All right. Don't forget what I told you about that Hoffmeister stock."

And the Plunger, who was always in a hurry, was gone before Will could reply. Jim had a case of downright disappointment on his hands that afternoon, when Will put in an appearance at the elevator and told him that the wheat had been sold afloat. Even the money he had made did not comfort him.

"Confound it, Will, I'm sorry," he said. "I had set my heart on seeing how the machinery worked here, and now I can't."

"No help for it, old man. Business is business. We bought for a rise, and we got it. The wheat had to be sold."

"I suppose I oughtn't to kick."

"Of course you oughtn't. You Eastern fellows never set a proper value on money. There'll be plenty more chances to try the elevator. Do you know I begin to feel more and more pleased that you bought it. I should never have had the courage to try this deal if I hadn't known we had the elevator ready to clap the wheat into in case of necessity."

Jim looked pleased.

"So you begin to think there is some business in me after all?" he laughed.

"A little; you're learning."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome. I don't charge anything for my opinion."

"Don't you think we make a pretty good team, Will?"

"Well, I don't know but what we do."

"Running this elevator will just suit me; I can work the Board in case you are sick or away."

"What are you driving at now?" asked Will, for he saw a comical look in Jim's eyes.

"This," was the reply.

Jim pulled out a typewritten document and handed it over. Will looked it through without saying a word until he had read the last line.

"Regular articles of co-partnership," he remarked. "Are you trying to steal a march on me, old man?"

"I want to be your partner, Will. I never met a fellow I liked half as well as I do you."

"Same here; but——"

"It's yes or no! I had the articles drawn up to see how it would strike you. We go in on equal terms, equal capital, profits to be divided share and share alike."

"I was going to say that I had sworn I never would take a partner," said Will, "but——"

"No buts! Yes or no!"

"Got a pen, Jim?"

"Yes; here's one on the desk."

"Let's have it."

Jim handed over the pen and Will signed the document.

"Put your name here, partner," he said. "I guess we'll make a good team and pull together."

Jim scrawled his name on the paper.

"It's the happiest day of my life!" he cried, as he threw down the pen. "Will Young, you're the only fellow in Chicago I'd trust, and I own I ain't sharp enough to operate on the Board of Trade."

"You don't have to now," laughed Will. "Well, here's my hand on it, old man. Partners! I

said I'd never have one, but I've changed my mind, and am glad I've got one. Now, then, let's close up here and get ready for Nina Rockingham's ball."

## CHAPTER X.—Will Agrees To Take A Ride With An Old Friend.

It was pretty Nina Rockingham's birthday party, and quite the event of the season among the West-siders. Mr. Rockingham's substantial dwelling on Adams street near Sheldon, opposite the park, was all ablaze with light when the boys drove up, and they found the parlors pretty well packed. Nina received them with her usual hospitality; and Carrie Bates was particularly affable to Jim. The two girls looked charming as they stood together in the handsomely furnished salon, and Jim quite lost his heart after his first waltz with Carrie. But with Will and Nina it was different. They were old school-mates, and had known each other for a lifetime—they were most affectionately attached, but they never talked love. Thus, when later in the evening Nina drew Will aside under the spreading palms in the conservatory, our Board of Trade boys knew that she must have something of unusual importance to communicate.

"What is it, Nina?" he whispered. "I see by your face you've got something to tell."

Nina pressed her fingers to her lips.

"Hush! don't speak so loud," she whispered. "This is business of the greatest importance to you, Will."

"What is it, Nina? Speak out!"

"Follow me, but don't make a sound. There's an old acquaintance of yours in this house, Will, and he's here without invitation. It is Joe Stellmeyer's work! Such impudence! I never ought to have invited Joe, but he was one of our class in school, and I couldn't pass him by."

"And a bad fellow always, Nina, and not a bit improved by becoming a syster lawyer. I wondered that you asked him; but what is the other? I don't understand yet."

"You will in a moment. Follow me, Will."

Nina glided among the potted shrubs, coming to the rockery with its covering of ferns, over which the spray of a miniature fountain was thrown. The rockery was high enough to conceal the rear portion of the conservatory in part, and a cluster of big-leaved bigonias did the rest. Among this bank of shrubbery Will could hear voices talking in low tones; they could see from where they stood, but on the other hand they could not be seen themselves, and every word spoken behind the bigonias was audible. Nina pressed Will's arm and pointed.

"Listen," she whispered. "They are still talking about you. Joe Stellmeyer is speaking now."

Will caught his breath as he heard his old school-fellow's next words.

"He's says to buy him out if I can, but to kill him rather than to fail."

"He's got to pay for it, then," growled another voice. "I ain't going to work for nothing. I've had more than one experience with them fellows. They're strong and nervy, and full of fight, especially the Young boy."



"What do we want of the other, anyhow?" asked Stellmeyer.

"It ain't what we want; it's what we've got to take. They are always together, and to-night, with their dress-suits on, I'll be blamed if I can tell t'other from which."

"Leave that to me. All you've got to do is to have the carriage ready to take Young to the elevator. But come, we don't want to make any mistake. You are sure the papers are hidden there?"

"I have every reason to believe it. I know they were there, and I believe they are there still."

"How about the watchman?"

"I've bribed the man. He won't be there."

"Very good! Be off with you, then, and I'll agree to work him into the carriage. The rest is your work. We'll make him sign the papers anyhow, and if he never turns up again, I guess the transfer will hold water; but even if it don't, we'll have our pay just the same."

"Which is what I want," was the reply. "Guess I'd better be going before someone tumbles."

"I think you had; that waltz is over and they'll soon be beginning the German; some of the couples may be strolling in here. You'd better go."

The sound of retreating footsteps was heard. Nina drew Will a little to one side, where they could get a glimpse of the window between the big leaves. They saw a tall man in shabby, black clothes throw his legs out of the window and lower himself, holding on to the sill for a moment, and then dropping out of sight.

"Your friend at the theatre!" Nina breathed in Will's ear. "You see I know. Father has told me all."

"Nina! I owe you a thousand thanks for this. It may save my life! I'll teach Joe Stellmeyer a lesson. Trust me!"

"Look out for yourself, Will. For my sake do nothing rash."

"I'd do a good deal that's rash for your sake, Nina."

"Hush! Joe is coming."

"Get back among the dancers, Nina; leave everything to me."

Nina glided away among the shrubbery, while Will sauntered forward, coming face to face with his old schoolmate in a moment.

"How are you, Joe?" he said, nodding carelessly. "Enjoying yourself? Why ain't you dancing instead of playing hermit here among the ferns?"

"Oh, I just came out to get a breath of fresh air from that window," replied Stellmeyer somewhat taken aback at the suddenness of the encounter.

"Just what I'm after myself. See you later, old man."

Will made as though he would pass on, but the young lawyer stepped in front of him.

"Hold on a minute, Will; you're just the fellow I want to see."

"That so? Well, take a good look at me."

"No, but this is business. Say, Will, what will you take for that Hoffmeister Hoisting Co.'s stock your father left you. I've got a client that would like to buy."

Will fixed his keen eye on his treacherous friend with a steadiness that made him wince.

"I'm not aware that my father left me any Hoffmeister Hoisting Co.'s stock," he replied, calmly.

"Come now, what's the use playing off? I know how you found it in the old grain elevator, and all the circumstances connected with the happenings of that night."

"You do?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then, Joe, there's only one man who could have told you."

"Only one did tell me—it didn't need two."

"Then that one is a thief and a scoundrel."

"Very likely. We lawyers have to do with such cattle. This is business, Will. I've been trying to see you for the last two days, but couldn't seem to get at you. I know you've got the stock, fast enough, so name your price."

Will took a moment to think.

"I don't talk shop in a place like this," he said at last, "but I will go with you to my office in the elevator, and we'll talk it out there."

"I'll do it."

Joe jumped at the proposition.

"All right. I'll be ready in a few moments," said Will. "We will take a carriage and drive right down there."

"Then you admit you have the stock?"

"I admit nothing. We'll talk it over as we go along. I think we can come to a settlement, Joe."

"Good! I'm sure we can," replied Joe, with an evil leer. "We'll take my carriage, Will. I told the driver to be on hand at eleven, and it's quarter past now."

"That will do first rate. 'It's a good while since you and I have taken a ride together, Joe Stellmeyer. There's nothing like keeping up acquaintances with one's old friends.'"

Will's first move after he left Joe was to get a detective on the wire and tell him to go to Elevator G and be prepared to jump on Will's enemies, if necessary. Will stated as much of the case as was necessary to him and Detective Munsell immediately started for the elevator. But before Will could get away Nina rushed up and told Will she had seen Will's partner get in a carriage with Joe Stellmeyer a few minutes before.

Here was a predicament for Will. It must have been that Joe took Jim for Will and succeeded in enticing the wrong boy into his carriage with him. Of course Jim found out when Joe talked about the Hoffmeister stock that he had been taken for Will. Smelling an adventure of some kind, Jim kept perfectly still about it, however, and determined to trust to luck and let things take their course.

In time they arrived at the elevator. When Jim entered the office door he was seized by no less than the man in black and told to stand over by the safe. Then he was told to deliver up the stock. Jim said he would have to open the safe, which he proceeded to do. But when he opened the door it was to seize a revolver lying in a compartment of the safe and turn quickly around, ordering the villains to "Hands up!"

They were cornered. Then followed the bursting in of the door by Detective Munsell and two



policemen, accompanied by Will. Stellmeyer was handcuffed, but the man in black rushed through a door and down the elevator stairs with Will and the detective in pursuit. Instead of seeing him they came upon a dead man in an empty bin and in his hand he held a certificate of stock for 100 shares of the Hoffmeister Co. in the name of Edward Young.

#### CHAPTER XI.—Will Gives Mr. Solomon Dillmeyer A Little Plain Talk.

"Who in the world is he, anyhow?"

This was Will Young's first question, put as soon as he was able to think of anything besides the lucky discovery of the Hoffmeister Hoisting Co.'s stock. Detective Munsell was down on his knees then examining the dead man.

"Why, it's Tom Trent, the river thief, that's who it is—Dirty Tom!" he exclaimed. "Every officer on the force knows him. I've been wondering what became of him these last few weeks."

Evidently Dirty Tom had lived right there in the bin where they found him, for further search revealed an old straw mattress and some articles of clothing. There was also a great lot of miscellaneous plunder, odds and ends of old iron, lead pipe, sheet copper stripped from the bottoms of lake boats, anything and everything that a low thief in such a situation might lay his hands on. The man had evidently been dead some time, and, furthermore, we may as well state right here, that the coroner subsequently decided that he died suddenly of heart disease.

That he had been engaged in examining the stock at the time death overtook him was certain; the stump of a candle lying on the floor, close to his left hand, showed where the light came from, and how near Jim's elevator came to going up in smoke. But all would have been plainer to the Board of Trade Boys if either of them had seen that mysterious hand come in under the door, and cover the stock on the night they had their stirring encounter with the man in black. No doubt the tramp, seeing his opportunity to steal, had taken it, but as neither of the boys did see the hand the matter was all a mystery to them when they returned to the office. Joe Stellmeyer awaited them there a prisoner.

"Say, Will," he whined, looking at Jim, "don't be hard on a fellow; let up, won't you? I'll give the whole snap away."

"My name ain't Will," replied Jim, coldly.

"Oh, bags! It don't make no difference. You two fellows are so much alike I can't tell you apart. You're the one who came here with me, I suppose? Let up on me, won't you—say?"

This time he appealed to Will, who puzzled him still further by replying:

"I didn't come here with you, Joe Stellmeyer—that's as sure as my name is Will Young and that we used to go to school together."

The prisoner was in despair.

"Well, anyhow, this will ruin me," he groaned. "Let up, can't you? I'll make it worth your while."

"Will you tell me who put you up to this?" asked Will.

"Yes, I will. Did you catch Ike Thorne?"

"Meaning your partner in this deal?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Oh, yes, we've got him all right," lied the detective, with a chuckle.

"You'd better listen to him," he whispered, drawing Will to one side. "I know Ike Thorne. If he's your shabby man in black, I can arrest him any time; but the law is slow, boss. Take my advice and make your deal with this fellow if you can."

"Can you dispose of the policemen for us if we decide to let him go?" asked Will.

"Why, certainly; providing you come down with the dust."

"Of course; I'll fix that all right. I'll have a talk with him anyhow. Suppose you take the officers outside."

"Well, Joe! What have you got to say for yourself?" asked Will, when he and Jim found themselves alone with their prisoner.

"Will you let up on me if I speak?"

"Yes."

"Will I trust you?"

"Say what you've got to say. I'm dead onto you, Joe Stellmeyer. I heard every word you and your man said in Mr. Rockingham's conservatory this evening, and I ain't the only one who heard it. There are two witnesses to prove that you intended to kill me."

"I was hired to do it, Will, and I'll say this: I'm sorry I ever went into the matter. I never would have seen you harmed, that's sure."

"Who hired you?"

"Solomon Dillmeyer."

"Ah! I thought so."

"He's down on you, Will, and he means to get your stock away from you if he can. I s'pose you know you hold a little over a quarter interest in the Hoffmeister patents. It's a big thing."

"Of course I know. Are you Dillmeyer's attorney, Joe?"

"Well, I've done some work for him, yes."

"Do you know the names of the other stockholders in the company?"

"Certainly I do. I can give you a complete list right now. Go light on me, Will. I've lost a lot of money at faro lately and between that and hard drinking, I've become desperate. Let up on me and I'll turn over a new leaf."

Of course Will yielded in the end. He was too kind-hearted to do otherwise. So it ended in Detective Munsell and his officers going one way, and Joe Stellmeyer another.

"No arrests," was Will's order, and none were made.

Bright and early next morning there was a coroner's inquest for the Board of Trade boys to attend. Will and Jim briefly testified that they had accidentally discovered the body in the cellar of their elevator the night before, but not a hint of the details of the affair came out. Will was on the Board at the opening as usual, and half an hour later Dillmeyer came in. Will thought he looked startled as he caught sight of him. But if it was really so, he instantly controlled himself.

"Oh, how you vas, Meester Young?" he said, extending his fat paw with his usual friendliness.



"Right up to date," replied Will, shaking hands.

"Glad to hear it! You go to Mees Rockingham's bardy last night? How you enjoy yourself? Huh?"

"Never better; by the way, Dillmeyer, do you want to sell your stock in the Hoffmeister Hoisting Co., because if you do, I'm prepared to make you an offer?"

It was too much even for Dillmeyer.

"Vat you mean?" he demanded, turning pale. "I vas bresident of dot concern—vy I sell?"

"Why," replied Will, slowly, "because I mean to force you out if you don't go of your own accord. Remember what I say, Dillmeyer. I mean it. I'll have you out of that concern inside of two weeks, just as sure as we are standing here on the floor of the Board of Trade!"

## CHAPTER XII.—After the Hoffmeister Stock.

One evening a few days after the events related in the last chapter, the entire firm of Young & Co. sat in their handsomely-furnished offices discussing business. The bookkeeper had gone home and so had the office boy. This left Will and Jim with the place all to themselves, which was just what they wanted. To Jim these little "confabs" with his partner at the end of the business hours on the Board of Trade were the pleasantest moments of the day.

"Well, how much did we clear to-day, Will?" he asked, leaning back in his chair. "I didn't get on to the Board at all, I was so busy down at the elevator."

"Why, we've had a splendid day, Jim—I may say a remarkable day," Will replied.

"Remarkably good or remarkably bad?"

"It couldn't be a splendid day, and at the same time remarkably bad, old man."

"Well, you have me there. Give it out. How much have we cleared, that's what interests me?"

"Well, I went in three times on corn on our joint account, closing out each time at the first jump."

"I saw that corn boomed to-day. What did we clear?"

"Fifty-six hundred and forty-eight dollars."

"Good enough! Will, we shall soon be millionaires if things keep on like this."

"I think myself we are doing pretty well, but that ain't all."

"It's good enough as it stands, but what more?"

"Owing to the rise in corn, a good deal has started for this market from the Kansas elevators and those through Southern Illinois, and I've been able to engage enough to pack our elevator full."

"Elegant!"

"I knew you'd be pleased, Jim."

"Of course I am. I want to see how the old thing works."

"It's practically a new house now, after all the money you have spent on it. But anyhow, this will give us a chance to test its capacity, and that's what we want."

"You're right it is! How about the Hoffmeister matter?"

"Meeting postponed until to-morrow night."

"How's Dillmeyer?"

"Why, Jim, that's what bothers me. He is really very civil, considering the way I spoke to him the other day."

"You can't offend his sort."

"Well, I don't know. He's as keen as a needle and all business, but at the same time he is respected on the Board of Trade, and everyone seems to think he's square, unless it is Mr. Rockingham; he's down on him hard enough, to be sure."

"What are you driving at, Will?"

"I was thinking, Jim, that perhaps after all we've been too quick to decide against Dillmeyer. Because we saw the shabby man in black in Dillmeyer's box at the Columbia don't by any means prove that he hired him to do us up, and as for Joe Stellmeyer's statements, they go for nothing. Joe is as big a scamp as there is in Chicago. He knows I'm down on Dillmeyer, and he may have just said what he did to please me."

"It's possible."

"I'm going slow."

"You can judge better after you attend the meeting of the Hoisting Company."

"That's right, but in the meanwhile we've got to hustle. Two hundred and fifty shares more of the stock will give me the controlling interest."

"Us, Will. I'm in with you to any amount."

"You are right. We go in together."

"You accept my offer for half your present holding?"

"Certainly. Lucky thing that, wasn't it, Jim?"

"Well, it was. Has the dead tramp been fully identified?"

"Yes; his name was Tom Trent, as we first heard; he's been hanging around the saloons near the elevator for the part two years; nobody knew where he lived."

"I guess it was in our elevator fast enough; but to get back to business. Have you learned of any holder of Hoffmeister stock who wants to sell?"

"Managed to get the list this morning. There's one who holds a hundred shares who might sell."

"Who is he?"

"His name is Peter Savage, and he is known as the 'mad broker.' He lives all alone in a big house away down on Michigan avenue; he spends all his time and money—for he is very rich—working on inventions which never come to anything, and seldom or never appears on the Board of Trade."

"A good man for us to tackle. Suppose we drive out and see him to-night?"

"Jut what I was about to propose; but we'll have to approach him very cautiously, for he is said to be a dangerous character. I think you'd better leave that part of the business to me."

"That's a go. I'm no hand to interview cranks. We'll go to supper and then start out."

Shortly after this the boys left the office and strolled down to their hotel. Already Will Young was becoming well known as a successful operator on the Board of Trade, and not a few bowed respectfully to him as they passed down State street. Among them were some of the heaviest business men in Chicago—old friends of his



father's, who heretofore had been in the habit of passing him with a careless nod, such as they might bestow upon any boy. Will left word at the desk when they entered the Auditorium to have a hack ready for them at eight o'clock. As soon as they finished supper they entered the vehicle, and were soon rattling down Michigan avenue.

"You stay right here and let me go in and tackle the Savage," said Will, when they reached the "mad broker's" door.

"That's according to Hoyle!" laughed Jim. "Go on! If you are gone an hour I shan't kick."

So Will jumped out, and hurrying up the steps, pulled the bell. As he did so a strange sensation of fear came over him. It was such a sensation as Will had never previously experienced, and he was entirely at a loss how to account for it. Just then he felt as though some great danger was impending, and as if something was impelling him to turn and run away. But he shook off these feelings and laughed.

"What's the matter with me?" he mused. "Have the stories old Muller told me about the mad broker turned my head?"

So Will pulled the bell again. Suddenly the door flew open. Will stared into the handsomely-furnished hall wonderingly, for there was nobody visible.

"Come up!" called a voice from above. "Come right up!"

Will ascended the stairs and came up with a man who was tall, thin, elderly, wearing a worn smoking-jacket. Will handed him his card.

"Are you Will Young?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

The man invited him into a room off the hall and bid the boy be seated.

In a few minutes the man asked what he could do for him. Will then explained, and the man offered to sell his stock, but he said Will would have to come with him and get it. He took Will to a room which was exceedingly hot, and as Will entered the man passed out the door and slammed it shut. There was a smelting furnace in the room and the heat was terrible. Will expected the broker to return, but he did not, and Will was slowly succumbing to the heat of the place.

Now Jim was getting impatient waiting for his friend Will. Suddenly a cab drove up, and who should alight but Dillmeyer. Just then smoke was seen sifting through the cornice above the top floor windows. Jim now told Willmeyer that Will was in the house, and he feared something was wrong. So Dillmeyer told Jim to follow him up the stoop. Jim did so. The broker rang the bell, but received no answer. Then together they broke in the door, finding the mad broker in a daze on the second stair landing. Dillmeyer seized the broker and ordered him to release Will, wherever he was. Roused to action the mad broker rushed up the next flight and opened the door to the furnace room. Will crouched in a corner on the floor. Jim rushed forward, threw up a window and pulled Will out into the hall, where he recovered in a short while. When he heard from Jim what Dillmeyer had done in the way of his rescue he took the broker's hand and shook it heartily, thanking him. Soon after the boys and Dillmeyer left the place, but before this Savage

told Will to go to his brokers, Cranston & Doolittle, and the Hoffmeister stock would be turned over to him.

### CHAPTER XIII.—Will Takes A Ride.

"I'll be down at the elevator about four o'clock, Jim," said Will, when they were about to separate at the door of the Board of Trade after dinner; "at the latest it won't be after half-past four."

So they separated, Jim going down to the elevator and Will on the Board. There was no sign of any boom when the afternoon call came. So Will hurried round to Doolittle and Cranston's to see about the Hoffmeister stock. There was no trouble here. The lawyers received him with the greatest cordiality. They had received instructions from Mr. Savage to transfer the stock to Will at the price he had first named, and had the transfers all made out and endorsed. But to this Will objected, and tried to insist upon paying the higher prices in accordance with the bargain he had made with the mad broker.

"It's no use, Mr. Young, we can't accept your offer," persisted Doolittle. "Our instructions are peremptory. The stock is yours at the price I have named, and under no circumstances can we take another cent."

So Will had to yield. When he left the lawyer's office, it was with the proud satisfaction of knowing that he held the controlling interest in the Hoffmeister Hoisting Co. Business was certainly in a very satisfactory shape with the firm of Young & Co., very satisfactory, indeed. On his way back to the Board—for he wanted to be in at the close—Will dropped into the office to see if there were any orders, for not a few of his father's old customers were standing by the boy, and nearly every day there was some commission business to be done. There were no orders on Will's deck, but the bookkeeper handed him a letter.

"It was just brought in by a messenger boy," he said.

The letter read as follows:

"Mr. Young:

"Dear Sir.—If convenient I want you to meet me at No. 1024 Elston Road between four and six. I have located the 'man in black,' and shall be able to give you full particulars of the plot against you. Dillmeyer is at the bottom of it all. I can prove it if you will come. Won't detain you ten minutes.

"Yours,

Munsell.

"P. S.—I shall wait for you the full two hours. If you can't come you can send word around to the Pinkerton office, and I'll try and see you tomorrow and explain."

"Pshaw!" muttered Will. "I don't want to go away out on the Elston Road this afternoon."

He hurried to the telephone, called up the elevator, and read the note to Jim.

"You'll go, of course," was the answer which came over the wire.

"I suppose I must."



"Go, by all means. You think it's all straight?"

"Why, certainly."

"Do you know Munsell's writing?"

"Can't say I do. But look! The letter tells me to send word to Pinkerton's office if I don't go. Of course it must be straight."

"Oh, I was only wondering. Did you get Savage's stock?"

"Yes, and my first bid. Tell you about it when I see you to-night. Shan't be down at the elevator now, of course. Good-by."

"Good-by."

Will hung up the receiver and left the office. His intention was to go back on the Board for half an hour, for it was only a quarter to three, and there would be plenty of time to take in the Elston Road after the close. But he had hardly stepped out on the sidewalk when he heard a familiar voice calling him, and upon looking up he saw Nina Rockingham seated in her stylish phaeton, drawn by "Prince," her favorite horse, a high-spirited animal which Will had always considered as dangerous for a woman to drive.

"Will, you are just the fellow I want!" cried the Plunger's pretty daughter, when Will raised his hat and hurried to the curb. "I came down to take father to ride, for he promised to go, but he's gone back on me, and says he got an engagement. I'm just in despair to think I've got to go alone. Can't you come along?"

"Which way do you propose to go, Nina?" he asked.

"Anyway you say, providing you will only favor me with your company, Mr. Young."

"One of my engagements is away out on the Elston Road. I have to be there about five o'clock; would you object to waiting for me a few moments?"

"Certainly not. I'll wait an hour if you wish."

"Then I'll go," said Will. "But you must take me just as I am. No chance to fix up in the office, you know."

"Jump in," cried Nina. "It will be real jolly. We'll take a turn around Lincoln Park, and then cut across by way of Milwaukee avenue to the Elston Road; it will be quite a new experience for me to drive Prince through that part of the town."

So Will got into the phaeton, and Nina drove off down La Salle street, working her way through the crowded thoroughfare with commendable skill. Down at the elevator Jim was toiling away with his workmen, for Jim was a "hustler" after his own fashion, and everything had to be done under his supervision. He scarcely gave Will's matters a thought until along about five o'clock; when he was writing at his desk in the office the door opened, and who should walk in but Detective Munsell.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Wilson," he said. "Is Mr. Young about?"

"Young! Why, he has gone out on the Elston road to meet you!" cried Jim.

"To meet me on the Elston road!" exclaimed the detective. "What's that for?"

"Why, you ought to know. You wrote him to meet you there."

"Never wrote him a line in my life," said the detective. "I made no engagement with Mr. Young on the Elston road."

#### CHAPTER XIV.—Entrapped.

Never did Will Young enjoy anything more than that afternoon's ride with Nina. While our Board of Trade boy was not positively in love with the Plunger's pretty daughter, he was still rapidly drifting that way, although of late he had been able to see but little of her. Whenever Will thought of the future, somehow Nina's image would always rise before him.

They went flying past the North Chicago Rolling Mills and the big brewery. It was growing dusk, and Will began to wish that he did not have to ask Nina to wait for him, for this was anything but a safe locality. But the plucky girl only laughed at his fears and drove on.

"What's the matter with you, Will?" she exclaimed. "You are just as nervous as you can be. Why should I be afraid?"

Before Will could answer there came the shriek of an engine whistle, and a train on the North-western R. R. went dashing by right in front of them. Usually Prince cared nothing for trains, but this came so suddenly that it took him all by surprise. The horse reared and began to back.

She seized the whip and gave Prince a cut, perhaps the worst thing she could have done under the circumstances. Instead of starting ahead, the horse made a bolt. All in an instant the phaeton was bottom upward in the ditch, with Prince dashing off like mad over the crossing, dragging the forward wheels after him. The mischief was done now. Will crawled out from under the phaeton unharmed, but when he turned the vehicle over, there lay Nina in the mud, white and still, with the blood trickling down her pretty face. Poor Will was in agony. He lifted her in his arms and carried her up into the road, calling her name. But she did not answer. Her head hung down upon her breast; her arms were limp and motionless. Then Will realized how much he loved her—knew it as he had never known it before.

There was a house directly opposite where he stood—a small, one-story affair, standing back from the street. Will kicked open the gate and hurried up the board walk, bearing Nina in his arms; but he never looked at the number on the gate. Had he done so he would have seen that it was the one he sought. Without releasing his hold on the fainting girl he managed to pull the bell, and in a moment the door was opened by a slovenly-looking woman.

"Hello, Will! What in the world! Why, it's Nina Rockingham, ain't it? An accident, you say? Bring her in, of course. Bring her right in here."

It was Joe Stellmeyer who had suddenly appeared in the passage. Under other circumstances Will might have been surprised to see him, but he hardly gave a thought to the why and wherefore of the lawyer's presence here, and when Joe flung open the room door he just followed him in. Two men who were sitting at a table smoking sprang to their feet as Joe slammed the door behind Will, turning the key in the lock. To Will's utter amazement he recognized in one his father's defaulting partner, Mr.



Snyder. The other one was the shabby man in black.

"Ha, Willy! So you've come, have you?" hissed Snyder. "Not exactly as I expected you, but still you are here. Put her down on the sofa—put her anywhere. It's you we want, my lad. Ha, ha, ha! Well, you are a green one, my bold Board of Trade boy! Oh, how prettily you have walked into our trap, but you don't walk out again if I know it—not until you have made over every share of that Hoffmeister Company stock to me."

As Will carried Nina to a sofa Snyder jumped on him from behind. Will struggled out of Snyder's clutches and the man drew a revolver. But now Will was thoroughly mad and jumped at the man, succeeding in wrenching the revolver from him. Then he turned it on the villains and ordered them to stand aside or be filled with lead. The cowards fell over each other now to get out of the way. Just then there was a bang at the door, which gave way, and Detective Munsell, Jim and a dozen Pinkerton detectives came bursting into the house. The only one captured was the shabby man in black. Snyder had escaped, but they overtook Stellmeyer on their way back to the city and arrested him.

#### CHAPTER XV.—Conclusion.

Jim took Nina straight to her father's house, where they arrived shortly after noon. They found Mr. Rockingham absent, Mrs. R. in hysterics, and the whole establishment in the greatest excitement, for word had come over the telephone that Prince had been captured away out on the Elston Road, running away with the forewheels of the phaeton. The Plunger was out searching for his daughter. Nina had arrived just in time. Leaving Nina to look after her mother, Jim hurried to the hotel. He had no means of communicating with Mr. Rockingham and as he fully expected to find Will at the Auditorium, he felt that the best thing he could do was to go there. But Will was not at the hotel. Nor did he return that night, nor the next morning; but in the meantime Jim received a despatch from his partner, dated at Milwaukee, saying that he was all right, and would be at the office in the morning.

But when Jim went to the office Will was not there, nor did he appear up to the hours of opening on the Board of Trade. Jim was in despair. Quite a number of commission orders were in by the morning mail, and a few came over the phone. Jim felt that he ought to attend to them, so he hurried to the Board, and, for the first time, started to buy at the opening. It was a novel experience for the boy, but he was making out pretty well, when all of a sudden wheat began to jump.

"Now's your time, young man," said a voice right in Jim's ear, as he struggled to hold his place in the crowd of shouting brokers. "Buy heavy. There's going to be the biggest boom of the year."

It was Plunger Rockingham. Jim had not noticed him before. There was no time to ask him

how Nina was, for he pulled away and in a moment was in the thick of the fight.

"I'll go in ten thousand on Will's account and mine," thought Jim, and he commenced to shout with the rest.

But Jim found within five minutes that he still had lots to learn about Board of Trade methods. He was swept off his feet in a moment, and had no idea whether he had bought ten bushels of wheat or ten thousand. He was pushed this way and that, elbowed and crowded, had his toes trodden on, and his hat jammed over his eyes. Indeed, the poor fellow was in bad way when somebody seized him by the coat collar and dragged him out of the pit. It was Will!

"Good gracious! what are you about, partner?" he exclaimed. "Buying more wheat when the slump has come?"

"Slump! What slump? Rockingham said it was a big boom!" gasped Jim.

"So it was, but it didn't hold. Ha, ha, ha! I couldn't but laugh to watch you! Never mind, you'll learn in time, and I've scooped in twenty thousand dollars' profits on this morning's deal."

"Good!" cried Jim, not a bit jealous or offended. "I'm only too glad to see you back again under any circumstances. Where on earth have you been?"

"Catching Snyder," laughed Will.

"And you caught him?"

"Well, we did! Munsell and I chased him to Milwaukee, and bagged him at the Plankington House. Somehow or other he managed to get on the train, but it didn't help him any. He's in jail now, and I've got back forty thousand of the money he stole from my father's estate."

\* \* \* \* \*

As Young & Co. kept right on in business—indeed, they are in business still—we could keep straight on writing of the daily transactions of our two Board of Trade boys if space would permit.

Joe Stellmeyer confessed all, and turned State's evidence against Ike Thorne and Snyder, who were duly convicted. Thorne went to the Bridewell for forty days, on charge of conspiracy, but Snyder got ten years in Joliet for embezzlement, which he richly deserved.

Before the end of the year Will and Jim found themselves on the high road to fortune. Hoffmeister stock is away up, and pays large dividends; elevator business is booming. Indeed, the hoisting machine has become a necessity. Every well-equipped grain elevator has to have one.

Last June Will married, and we need hardly say that Nina Rockingham was the bride. When the Plunger gave away his daughter he gave her a check for fifty thousand dollars; Jim, who is still a bachelor, acted as best man, and Carrie Bates was first bridesmaid. Will took his bride on a three weeks' southern tour, and then returned to business. On the day of his arrival in Chicago he read of the death of Peter Savage, the mad broker.

Hard work and plenty of cash in return for it—such has been the luck of The Board of Trade Boys.

Next week's issue will contain "HAUNTED; or, THE CURSE OF GOLD."



## ITEMS OF INTEREST

## LARGEST CIRCULAR SAWS

The world's biggest circular saws were made in Philadelphia. There are two of them, each measuring nine feet in diameter. Whirring at the rate of 134 miles an hour, they daily cut their way through giant logs at Hoquiam, Wash.

## GIGANTIC DEVIL FISH CAPTURED IN GULF

What is believed to be the largest devil fish ever captured in the Gulf of Mexico was on exhibition at Gulfport, Miss., recently.

The mammoth fish, measuring eighteen feet in length and weighing in the neighborhood of three thousand pounds, became entangled in the net of two fishermen trawling for shrimp. It took four hours to tow the boat to shore and the combined efforts of thirty-two men to drag the fish on the beach.

## OREGON JACK RABBITS ARE EATING THE CROPS

J. H. Hoops, a farmer residing near Holdman, twenty-five miles from Pendleton, Ore., arrived in Pendleton to telegraph an appeal to Washington for government aid in fighting jackrabbits that have infested the central part of Unatilla County and are doing serious damage to growing wheat and rye. Owing to the state bounty, coyotes have been practically exterminated, and with the disappearance of their natural enemies the jackrabbits have multiplied in serious proportions. Hoops claims that in one instance a section of grain land fifteen miles long and twelve miles wide has been eaten clean by the rabbits.

Hoops will urge the government to send agents here to inoculate captive rabbits with the bacilli of a disease fatal to rodents, known as "rabbit distemper," with the expectation that those inoculated when turned loose will infest all others with which they come in contact.

## ODD USES FOR BREAD

Instead of baking bread in loaves, the inhabitants of Asia Minor, Arabia, Turkestan and the Tigris-Euphrates valley make it into sheets, says *Youth's Companion*. These sheets are about 40 inches wide and twice as long, and the natives make almost as much use of them as the American Indian does of birch bark. If they need an awning for protection against sun or rain, they unwind a roll of this bread, and carry it back and forth over a pole several times, much as a camper puts up a dog tent; for if it has a coat of almond oil or mutton tallow, the bread is fairly waterproof.

It is a comical sight to see a teamster or camel driver of the Levant travel placidly through a heavy shower with a couple of yards of bread sheeting thrown over his shoulders, and to see him tear off pieces here and there and chew on them if he feels hungry. The bread is made of durum wheat flour, mixed with the pulp of sultana raisins, which gives it a sweet taste and a slight fragrance like that of honey.

The Arab uses his sheets of bread, which look like chamois leather, for a makeshift blanket, and it is said by travelers who have tried it that it keeps the heat in and the cold out almost as well as a real blanket. But some of the Russian engineers at work on the construction of the trans-Siberian railway did even better, for they made a paste of the bread by boiling several pieces, and then stuck together two strips of the sheeting, each a meter wide by two meters long. Thus they manufactured a sleeping bag, and a very comfortable one, too.

The Turkish peasants use this flat bread for window panes, and in the bazaars the venders of merchandise wind up pieces as a grocer does a paper cornucopia, and use them to hold small amounts of nuts, Turkish candies, and squares of sugar. Of course, the purchaser eats the bag with its contents. In the same shape the bread sheeting is used for holding the fruity drinks of the Bosphorus; but it will not stand hot liquids, even when it is coated with almond oil. Thanks to the raisin pulp, the bread is of remarkable elasticity, and can be bent back and forth without cracking. It has actually been used for book-binding.

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## Wild Ranch Life In New South Wales.

by ALEXANDER ARMSTRONG

Years ago, when I had a sheep ranch at the intersection of the Murrumbidgee and the Lachian rivers, New South Wales, the Australian bush-ranger was at his best. I was the agent of an English syndicate, which owned 200,000 acres of land and as many sheep, and was at the same time buying and shipping living curiosities to the great animal dealer at Hamburg. The natives of Australia have been thumped about by the English soldiery until they have no spirit left, but in those days a portion of them were as bad as the Apaches of the United States. Out in the wilds they were on the alert for travelers and pioneers, and, though the English always affected to despise them, it is a fact that every battle ground on the vast island has proved them fierce fighters.

When I finally got settled at the point I have named I had quite an army under me. We had about twenty huts, a stockade inclosing an acre of ground, several big sheep pens, two or three horse pens, a dirt fort, surrounded by palisades, and the number of natives employed as herders was over fifty. Most of these had their wives and children with them, and as there were five white men besides myself it will be seen that we were a pretty strong party. We needed to be. We had gone a full hundred miles beyond civilization, and right into the stronghold of the bush-rangers and the fighting natives. Three different surveying parties sent out by the government, the last accompanied by seventy-five soldiers, had been attacked and routed with severe loss. It was expected that I would have trouble, and we arranged for it. About forty of the natives had previously been employed in sheep-herding, and were used to firearms. I bought two pieces of artillery at Sydney, and took them along for our fort, and we were plentifully supplied with muskets, repeating carbines, and ammunition. Our coming was a surprise to the denizens, and we had time to get settled before they had perfected their plans to attack us. We had at that time only about 20,000 sheep, and over half the herders could be spared for the work of building the pens and erecting the stockades.

Our village was erected on a fine plateau of about two acres in extent. The ground fell away gradually on all sides, and the nearest scrub was about a quarter of a mile from us on the east. A bit of land which we called the "thumb" broke away from the forest to the east and pushed its way into the prairie toward us. This neck, or thumb, was half a mile long and not over twenty rods wide, and offered splendid cover to a force advancing upon us. I saw at once that it would be the point to attack, and at the end I built a sheep pen a hundred feet wide and two hundred feet long. The side toward us was ten feet high. Our two six-pounders were then loaded with shell and trained upon the pen. We dug two rifle pits on the flanks of our fort, facing this thumb, and a week before the alarm came we had everything in good shape for a fight. I was very anxious to

have it come. It was bound to come sooner or later, and until we had been attacked and given our assailants a good thrashing there could be no such thing as security.

One day, when I was almost cursing the natives for their slowness in attack, two white men rode up to the post. I knew them for bushrangers at a glance. They had the attire and the demeanor, and were mounted on fine horses and carried rifles and revolvers. One of them dismounted at the door of my office and came in. He was a fellow about forty years old, stout as an ox, and evidently had plenty of nerve, or he would not have shown himself there at all. When he had passed the time of day he asked for whisky, tossed down a big draught, and then said:

"Now, captain, to bizness. Hev ye come to stay?"

"I have."

"How much are ye willin' to pay?"

"For what?"

"For bein' let alone. You was gettin' settled and was all upsot, and it wouldn't hev bin manners to call on ye sooner. The boys want to know now what they kin count on."

"I don't exactly understand you," I said.

"You don't! I took you for an old campaigner. This 'ere land belongs to us. We are willin' to rent it to you fur a fair price. If we make a bargain it will include our purtection."

"This is government land, or was until we filed our papers and made a first payment."

"Was it? D'ye see any guv'ment round 'ere anywheres? And redcoats at hand to purtect ye?"

"We can protect ourselves. If your gang and the natives want to live at peace with me, all right. If you want trouble I'll give you fighting until you are sick of it."

"Whew!" he exclaimed in genuine astonishment. "Well, if that don't beat me! So you don't propose to pay us rent?"

"Not a cent."

"And you don't want our purtection?"

"No, sir."

"Why, man, you must be crazy! Thar are a dozen or more of us bushboys, and we kin raise a force of three hundred natives to swoop down on ye! By Sunday ye won't have a sheep nor a hunt nor a man left, and I'll hev ye ears fur keepsakes."

"Come and try it," I replied. "Let me alone and I'll let you alone, but if you attack me I'll not rest until the last of you are under ground."

He looked at me as if he doubted my sanity, and after a bit, helped himself to another glass of whisky and went out without a word. After a confab with his companion he returned to the door and explained:

"Say. Kurnel, we like yer pluck, but ye must come down with the rent or take chances. It wouldn't do, you know! If we let up on you thar'd be a dozen fellers in 'ere with their sheepses inside of a year, and we'd hev to cut sticks or go to the poorhouse."

"Come as soon as you like," I replied, without looking up at him, and he muttered an oath and rode off.

I called in some of the most intelligent natives, and we were soon agreed that no attack need be



looked for under three days. It would take the bushrangers that long to stir up the natives and get them together. When the natives were asked how we would be approached they pointed to the "thumb" and criticized my action in erecting the sheep pen, which offered an enemy a shield of observation. No native Australian will move by night if it can be avoided, and no night attacks are ever made by them. We decided that on the third night the attacking force would gather on the thumb and be ready to attack us at daylight, and our plans were laid accordingly. Neither the bushrangers nor the natives knew that we had cannon. They knew that we had muskets, but they could not say how many. We should have to depend entirely upon ourselves as a troop of soldiers could not have been sent for and reached us inside of a week.

On the second day after the visit from the bushrangers some of the herders saw signs of the coming attack. The natives were moving swiftly about in considerable numbers, and it was further evident that spies were watching us. That night I had the sheep herded between the Lachlan River and a bluff, where ten men could hold them safely. The night passed quietly. Next day the "signs" were more numerous, and toward sundown one of my scouts came in with the information that a force numbering at least four hundred natives and twenty white men was coming through the scrub in the direction of the thumb. This was good news to me. The sheep were brought in and herded as before, and when night had fully come I put fifteen natives in each rifle pit and gathered all the rest of my people into the fort. We had talked matters over until every one knew what was expected of him.

Some of us caught a little sleep as the night wore on, but we were all wide enough awake when the first signs of daylight came. When it was light enough for us to see the pen a mass of natives swarmed suddenly around each corner of it, and made a rush for the fort. We talk about the yells of our Indians, but a native Australian can out-yell three of them. They swarmed over the plain in a great mob, yelling, shrieking, and brandishing their spears and clubs, and they might have thought us asleep until they came within pistol shot. Then they were between the rifle pits, and a volley was fired which took the pluck out of them in a minute. We swept them with a fire in front, and back they went for shelter, leaving over forty dead and wounded on the grass. Not a white man had come with them, but I soon discovered the reason. They had divided themselves into two parties, and had skulked around to attack our rear. I called in five natives from each rifle pit, and in a few minutes we were posted to meet all the dangers. It was ten minutes before the natives could get their courage up to charge again, but when they did come they evidently felt savage. The three bodies assailed us at once, and for five minutes it was hot enough for the oldest veteran. The bushrangers were surprised to find us inside of stout earth walls and palisades, but they fought well and broke back only when they saw how useless their efforts were. Two were killed out of one party, and three out of the other, and when the charge was over the natives literally cumbered the earth.

Now for the field-pieces. The mob had gathered in the big sheep pen to reform, and we could hear their angry chatter and the oaths of the white men when I gave orders to fire. The two reports sounded as one, and the two shells went screaming through the pen. It was the finishing stroke, and it is doubtful if the records of war can show greater execution by two missiles. We found twenty-seven men killed by those shells, and the moral effect was greater than the presence of a regiment of soldiers. Two of the victims were bushrangers, making seven we had bagged, and it was afterward learned that two more died of their wounds. On those killed we got a government reward of upward of 900 pounds, it transpiring that all were old offenders.

About two weeks after the battle an English tourist came into the station on foot and badly used up. He had been captured by bushrangers at a point about twenty-five miles away, robbed of horse, money, and clothing, and he came to us as naked as the day he was born. The leader of the ruffians who despoiled him was the chap who paid me a visit before the battle. He had received a bullet through the calf of the leg, and panted for revenge. He spared the tourist in order to make a messenger of him. He sent me word that he would have my life if he had to wait a dozen years for a chance to take it, and I was not egotist enough to let the warning go unheeded.

At noon one very hot day I was riding across a prairie of several miles in extent, having been out to locate a grazing ground for a new flock. I was within a mile of the scrub when a horseman rode out of it and charged at me. We were facing each other, and it didn't take me five minutes to make up my mind that the stranger was my old enemy the bushranger. Instead of waiting to ambush me he was coming out for a fair fight. I had a seven-shooter carbine and a revolver, and he had the same. I halted my horse, slipped out of the saddle, and as he came thundering on I shot his horse in the breast, and he went down. The rider was up like a cat, and, kneeling beside his horse, he fired five shots at me as fast as he could pull the trigger. I heard the ping of every bullet, though I was busily shooting at him. His carbine fouled with the fifth shot, and he sprang up and pulled his revolver. I still had two shots left, and I knew I could kill him. He must come nearer to make his pistol effective, and he was gathering himself for the run, when Providence stepped in to prevent me from shedding his blood. He was standing near the hind feet of his horse. The dying animal suddenly drew up both feet and gave a tremendous kick, and the outlaw was knocked over and over on the grass. As he lay perfectly quiet, I finally advanced to find him dead, his whole right side crushed in by the powerful blow. I found about 400 pounds in gold about him, together with three fine watches he had taken from travelers, and it was evident from the way he had packed things that he was only waiting to kill me before leaving for some distant part of the country. He was the last bushranger seen in that district, which to-day contains five or six towns and a white population of thousands.



## PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 25, 1922

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## INTERESTING ARTICLES

## EAGER TO BE HERMITS

England seems to possess quite a number of would-be hermits. A short time ago this advertisement appeared in a number of newspapers:

"Wanted, a hermit to inhabit remote cottage in big woods, available at once. Small rent to one not afraid of foxes and poachers."

Next day there were 150 applications for hermithood from every part of England.

The cottage belongs to the Duke of Devonshire, and contains two rooms and bakehouse downstairs, three bedrooms upstairs, garden, orchard, stable, and well of water. "Approach bad and garden run wild."

The successful applicant came from Cardiff and he now has the cottage at a rental of five pounds a year.

## A NEAT TRAP FOR POACHERS

A keeper recently awakened to the fact that in the silent watches of the night some of his patients were being systematically purloined. Footprints were always discernible; but, as there was nothing remarkable about any of them, they were of no value for detective purposes. They served, however, to suggest a plan. He went to the local cobbler and offered him a generous reward for the performance of a very simple task. When three suspected persons sent their boots for repairs, the nails or tacks were to be placed in the soles according to different designs which the keeper would provide. The son of St. Crispin agreed to the proposal, and it was carried into effect as opportunity offered. The result was that a charge of poaching was proved against two of the three men, through the distinctive impressions made by their boots in the retentive soil. The cobbler's connivance in the keeper's little scheme was, of course, kept a strict secret.

## BLIND BRITISHERS CAN DO MANY THINGS

The police have forbidden a Yorkshire tradesman to drive a motor car, but only because he is blind.

This sightless man is something of a prodigy. He can tell to an inch almost, where he is in Leeds or Harrogate, or on the road between those

towns. But since the days of Blind Jack of Knaresborough, the greatest roadmaker of the north, blind Yorkshiremen have seemed to delight in proving the loss of sight to be little handicap.

Leeds long had its blind cabinetmaker, specimens of whose work found their way into foreign courts, as well as English mansions. One of the most famous botanists of the day, again a Leedsman, is blind. Selby has a blind shopkeeper who manages his own business, easily recognizing the different articles, and who puts in his spare time tramping the country round about and preaching. One of the most consistent supporters of Huddersfield Town Football Club last season was a blind man, who went to every match, and on occasion supplied to a newspaper reports of the game which were wonderfully accurate, including details that spectators who would see had not particularly noted.

In many districts there are blind men who daily journey several miles along the roads between their homes and places of work. Darkness and fog have no terrors for them. The one thing that can upset their equanimity is a fall of snow, for snow deadens all sounds and leaves them as much at sea as a thick fog does those people who rely on their eyes.

Statement of the ownership, management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of "PLUCK AND LUCK," published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1922. State of New York, County of New York:—Before me a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Luis Senarens, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor of "PLUCK AND LUCK" and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor and business manager are: Publisher—Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, Inc., 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Editor—Luis Senarens, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Managing Editor—None. Business Manager—None.

2. That the owners are: Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, Inc., 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.; Harry E. Wolff, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.; M. N. Wolff, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.; J. F. Desbecker, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.; R. W. Desbecker, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.; C. W. Hastings, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona-fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

LUIS SENARENS, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1922. Seymour W. Steiner. (My Commission expires March 30, 1924.)



## GOOD READING

### STEAM ROLLER HEARSE

The body of George Trice of London, went to its grave in a steam-roller instead of a hearse.

Trice worked for twenty-five years as a driver of a steam roller and expressed the wish that he might be taken to the grave in the machine which he had operated for many years. His wish was fulfilled, despite the incongruity of the funeral procession.

### QUIT PRISON IN PAY PROTEST

Guards who keep the criminals in Sing Sing are protesting that the salary paid the first-year men is insufficient to live on and prison officials announced to-day that six of them have resigned.

Warden Lawes will try to replace them by selecting applicants from the Civil Service list. The men who have thrown up the jobs assert that the cost of rent for married men or room and board for single men around the countryside near the prison is too expensive. Guards begin with a \$1,200 salary and the pay increases each year for four years, until they receive a maximum of \$1,600 per year. The complaints come chiefly from the first-year men. Besides those who have left the prison service, others have asked to be transferred to penal institutions upstate, where rent and food are cheaper.

### WOMAN SENDS 42,000 CENTS TO PAY GREENWICH TAXI BILL

A wealthy woman residing in a fashionable section of Greenwich, Conn., moved to her winter home in New York City recently, leaving a bill of \$420 owing the Greenwich Cab Company for taxicab fares. A representative of the company had visited her estate on two occasions in an effort to collect the bill before she left, but was unsuccessful.

The other day the woman sent a taxicab from New York to the cab company's office with a large keg containing 42,000 one-cent pieces. With it she sent \$1 to pay for the taxi that had made the two trips to her home for the purpose of collecting the money, and her photograph, under which was written "O la la."

It took four men to carry the keg into the Putnam Trust Company office and place it in a private vault.

### SWARM OF DETECTIVES GUARD MURPHY

Every step Charles F. Murphy, leader of Tammany Hall, took while he was in Syracuse was closely guarded by several members of the New York detective force, private operatives and members of the Syracuse bureau. Just before Mr. Murphy left New York he received several letters threatening him bodily injury while he was in Syracuse.

He had been threatened before. Many times cranks had mailed him "death" letters, but the Tammany chief paid little attention to these missives. He seems to have taken a different attitude toward the latest threats.

New York detectives were assigned to guard Mr. Murphy when he left New York. They ac-

companied him in the same coach from Manhattan to Syracuse. When they arrived there they were joined by some private operatives and members of Chief Cadin's bureau. The body guard even followed him to the convention hall.

### BALANCE WEIGHS MILLIONTH MILLIGRAM

If you can imagine a single grain of some substance divided into 600,000,000 parts, and one of these parts weighed accurately upon a balance, you will get some idea of the sensitiveness of the latest laboratory weighing machine.

This balance, devised by Hans Pettersen, is an improvement on the delicate quartz balance made some time ago by two scientific men named Steele and Grant.

The beam of the balance is a small piece of quartz measuring less than two inches in length and weighing about a grain only. What would correspond to the pans in an ordinary pair of delicate scales are suspended from quartz threads a thousandth of a millimetre (11'5,000 of an inch) in diameter.

The actual weighing is done by measuring the vibrations of the balance by means of a spot of light thrown upon a scale, which shows the actual movement of the balance enormously magnified.

Such refined weighing has to be done in a vacuum, and the instrument is mounted in a container from which the air can be exhausted before the actual work commences.

The balance itself weighs about 3 grains and measures to a ten-millionth of a milligram.

### "POP BOTTLE MYSTERY" SOLVER WAS LUCKY MAN

James P. Hon, a salesman of St. Louis, is the luckiest baseball fan in the world. While thousands were scrambling for world's series tickets, Hon had been given a complete set by Ban B. Johnson, President of the American League, accompanied by a personal check for \$100 and round-trip transportation between St. Louis and New York. Hon's employers have given him leave of absence at full pay to attend the games.

And all because he solved the "pop bottle mystery," the result of Fielder Whitey Witt of the Yankees being struck on the head by a pop bottle during a crucial series in St. Louis recently. Witt was so badly injured that he had to be carried off the field, and great indignation was expressed over the incident in all sections of the country. Several rewards were offered for the identification of the supposed thrower of the bottle.

Hon, who happened to have a seat near the spot where Witt was injured, solved the mystery when, in a letter to Mr. Johnson, he explained just how the accident occurred. The letter said Witt, while running, stepped on the neck of a bottle, causing it to bounce up and strike him on the head. Mr. Johnson was so well pleased with Hon's explanation that he sent him the reward, tailway and baseball tickets.



## BRIEF BUT POINTED

### HORN SOUNDED FOR 1,000 YEARS

Ripon, England, keeps up a custom 1,000 years old. Every night a "wakeman," attired in official costume appears before the Mayor's house and blows three solemn notes on the "horn of Ripon."

### ROB STORE NEXT TO JAIL

Entering the store of Ralph Morcardio, next to the Town Hall and jail, Huntington, L. I., three men recently tied Morcardio to a chair, took \$100 from his pockets and escaped.

Morcardio was closing the store when the men entered. One drew a revolver and ordered him into the back of the store, where he was tied. As they took the money from his pocket, Morcardio started to yell. He was stunned by a blow on the head. When the proprietor recovered he managed to free himself and gave the alarm.

### TELLS OF SPIRIT GOING

Before he lapsed into unconsciousness, William Hawley Smith, author and educator, who died in Peoria, Ill., the other day, told the Rev. B. G. Carpenter that his mentality allowed him to analyze separation of the spirit and the body.

According to the Rev. Carpenter, Smith claimed that he could feel the changes taking place in his body. During the last stages of separation, the dying man said his mind could not stay concentrated on one subject. Smith recited Whitman's poem, "Assurances," which deals with the thought that everything is provided.

Smith requested that there be no black at his funeral and that no friends view his body.

### BLIND ANTS AND BEES DAMAGE ELECTRIC POLES

The latest enemy of the public utility company is an insect. Blind ants and carpenter bees are engaging the attention of the electrical men throughout the country. The insects are causing much damage to electric light poles.

They enter the pole below the ground, eating their way through poles all the way to the top. Being blind, they instinctively seem to shun the light and confine their operations beneath the surface. Methods of checking the devasation are being considered.

### A TRAMP'S SUCCESS

Five years ago Bob Carley came to Glenburn, Me., as a tramp too ill to travel. After recuperating he spent the winter in cutting and shaving hoop-poles, earning a living and having \$10 coming to him in the spring. With this money he bought ten acres of alder-grown hoop-pole swamp, and began to burn rough alder wood into charcoal, which he sold in Bangor. He used the crooked sticks for making rustic lawn furniture—settees, chairs and rude swings—all of which found quick sales among the summer visitors who owned cottages. Later in the season he reaped tons of cat-tail flags, the leaves of which are used by coopers for shrinking in between their new

barrel staves, and which sold for \$60 a ton, ten times the price of ordinary meadow hay. The next winter he again turned his energies to making hoop-poles. Owing to the rapid growth of the alders, he learned that the sprouts would grow from the size of a lead pencil to four and five inches in diameter and be fit for cutting in ten years. By dividing his land into ten lots, each containing an acre, and cutting off one acre every year, he could keep up a succession of fuel and charcoal for all time. Last summer Carley built a house costing nearly \$2,000. It is finished and paid for, and the owner has money in two banks, and is getting an income of \$1,500 a year from a strip of swamp land which was not thought to be worth returning thanks for, and sold for about enough to pay for making out the transfer papers. Just now the citizens think the ex-tramp is one of the most successful men in town, and have offered to elect him to the Legislature so he may teach the lawmakers how to earn big profits from muck swamps.

### BITE OF TARANTULA IS BARELY SERIOUS

Folklore abounds in stories of phenomenal manifestations which often fail to survive the test of critical examination. Accounts of unexpected occurrences or unusual symptoms often grow like rolling snowballs, adding to their size with each step in the course of progress. Small effects may become magnified into great ones, suspicions develop somehow into the dignity of probabilities or even real facts. New traditions seem to spring up from undiscovered sources. Something of the nature of such mystic influences may account for the prevalent belief in the extreme danger associated with the tarantula.

The fatal bite of these terror inspiring insects has been widely proclaimed so that they are given a wide berth by those who recognize them. The poisonous properties of various species of spiders is admitted by competent investigators. Many of the insects have poison secreting glands which discharge into the jaws. But there is little doubt that the danger from some of them has been greatly exaggerated, says the *Journal of the American Medical Association*.

Von Fuerth considers that the bite of the historically famous Italian tarantula is able to cause no more than local inflammation, which the toxicologist Kobert was unable to discover profoundly poisonous properties in the supposedly more dangerous Russian tarantula. Now the American tarantula, *Eurypelma steindachneri*, a species reaching the formidable looking adult size of more than two inches in length, has been exonerated from the reputation long attaching to it.

Baerg of the University of Arkansas has subjected both animals and man to attack by the fangs of active tarantulas. Although the accounts do not give the impression that such encounters are painless performances they are put in the category of bee sting in severity rather than into the class of more menacing toxins.



## A GIRL SLEUTH

The "girl avenger," as she is now known to the entire State, has tallied another victim. Moonshine whisky making, once the chief secondary industry of the forest regions of Tate and Marshall Counties, recently appeared to be destined to be numbered among the lost arts. And all because of a girl of seventeen.

Cora Frazier, a slim, good-looking daughter of the backwoods, is responsible. What her reasons for starting the crusade are remain securely locked in her own breast. Kinship has not interfered with her. Already her father is serving a penitentiary sentence for moonshining, convicted on her sworn testimony. Two other near relatives await trial in the mountain jail at Holly. Her uncle, her father's brother, fell another victim to her zeal.

A dozen men have been brought into court on information supplied by her. Fully as many more are fugitives. Her life has been threatened, but this has not moved her.

Miss Frazier is a silent sleuth. She works alone, only summoning the officials when she has her evidence complete and when the trap is ready to be sprung.

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## CURIOSITIES OF THE PATENT OFFICE

Some recent curiosities patented in England are described by the *Illustrated London News*. There are two head washing caps, one of which is an inverted bowl with a rubber ring that fits it tightly to the head and a spigot by which it may be attached to a rubber tube; the other is a helmet-like device with an inlet for water at the top and an outlet back of the neck.

Others are an automobile for use on land or water. It has a propeller and a detachable hull, while the fore wheels are encased and act as a rudder.

Then there is a railway train fitted with a conduit passing from the smokestack over the roofs of the cars to the rear of the train, through which smoke, vapor and cinders are conveyed.

For bathing the face there is a basin with a recessed end for supporting the neck, and a detachable tube through which the bather may breathe while soaking her complexion in the water.

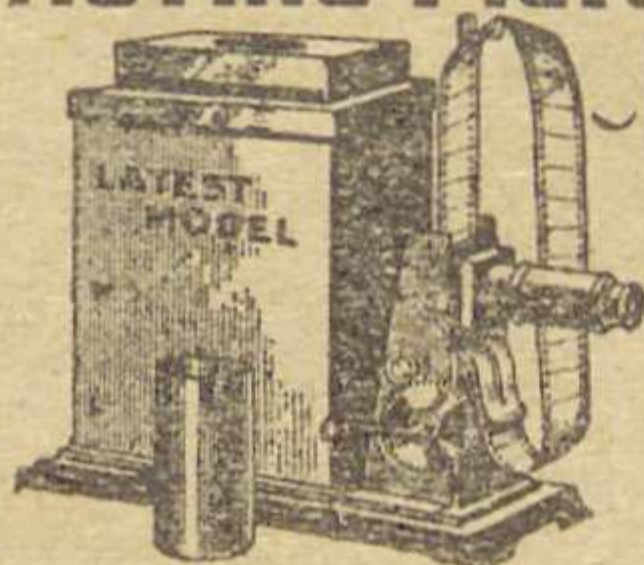
A protective garment for motorists and others is made of double fabric containing shock absorbers, in the form of hollow rubber balls.



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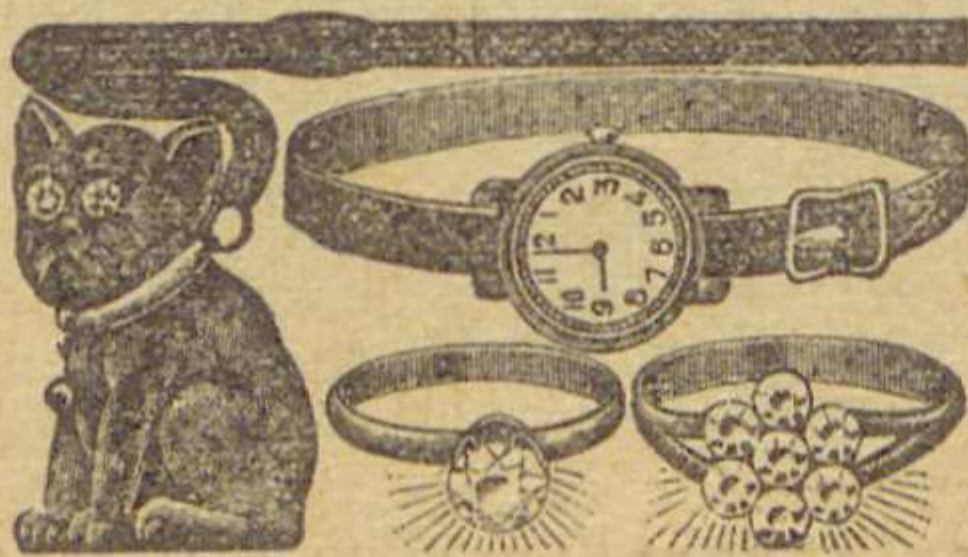
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